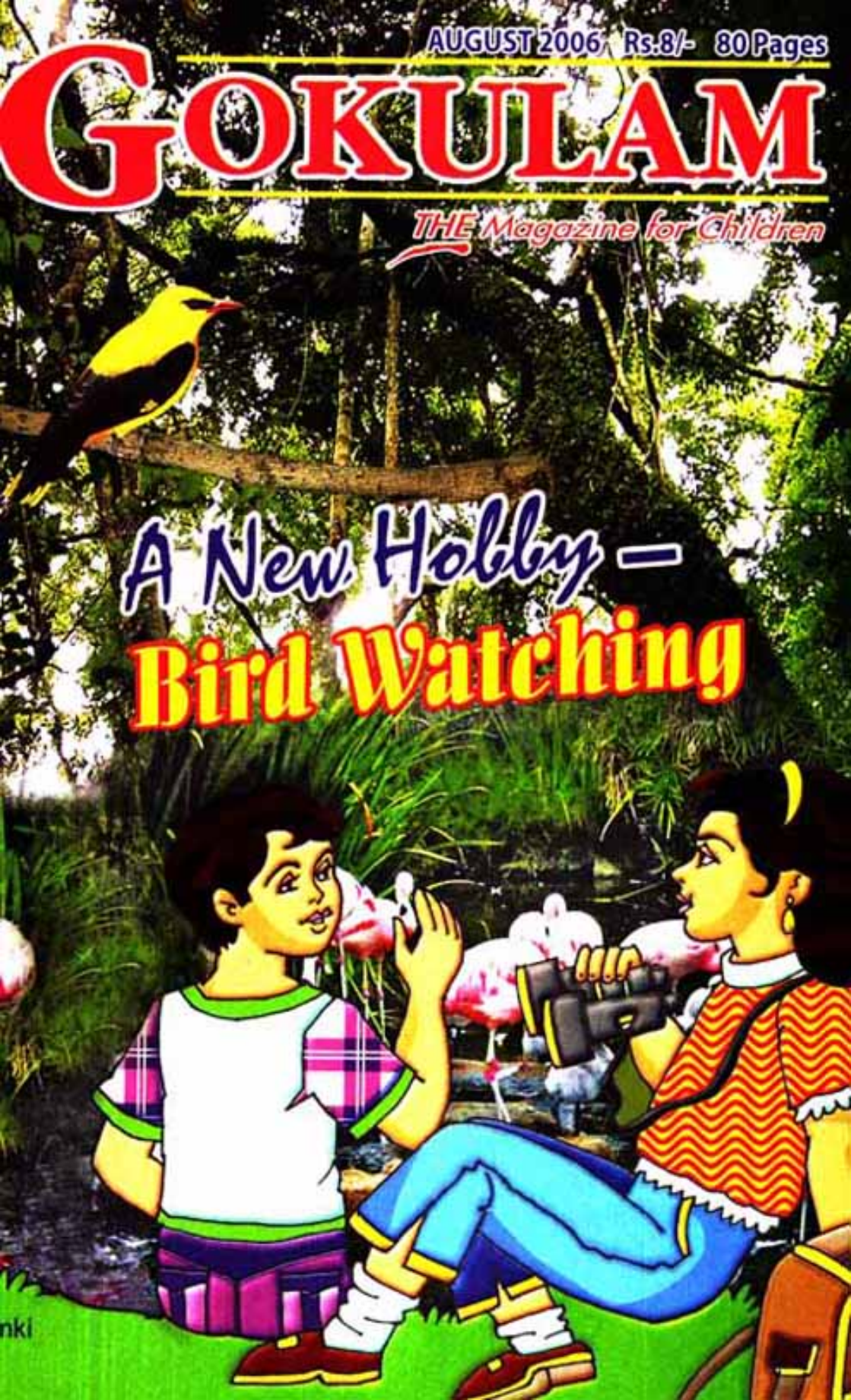
AUGUST 2006 Rs.8/- 80 Pages

GOKULAM

THE Magazine for Children



A New Hobby – Bird Watching

BLADE PAINTING

Akshara M.Iyer, Std IV, Kasturi Memorial School, Mumbai.

CONTENTS

New Contest

Gogo's Grid–1 - 65

Serial Stories:

The Cupboard Puller - 36

The Mongoose Saga - 28

Your Pages:

Birthday Bash - 75

Pot Pourri - 25

Monthly Contest:

Plus – Minus - 5

Picture Stories:

Divine Child - 12

Grandpa's Advice - 44

Detective Dumpy - 52

Spiderman - 62

Tinku - 80

Science:

Hornbills - 32

Wonder Science - 56

Favourites:

Grandmaworm, Viewpoint,
Hello Doctor, Jokes,
Art Gallery,
Creative Corner,
Let's Cook Up,
News Digest

Cover design:
Ramki

The drawing featured on top of each page in this issue is by
V. Lakshmi Priya,
Std IV, St. Antony's Girls High School, Mumbai

AUGUST 2006 Vol. XIX No.2

GOKULAM

THE Magazine for Children

Of all created things the loveliest,
And most divine are children. -*William Canton*

GOKULAM
(A Kalki Group Publication)

printed and published at
Bharathan Press
on behalf of
Bharathan Publications
Private Limited
Kalki buildings,
47-NP, Jawaharlal Nehru Road,
Ekkaduthangal,
Chennai - 600 032

printer and publisher :
Lakshmi Natarajan

editor:
Seetha Ravi

layouts :
S. Stephen
P.R.Rajan
S. Karthikeyan

telephones :
2225 1522,
2225 0623,
2225 1324

fax :
044 - 2225 1021

e-mails :

editorial :
gokulam@kalkiweekly.com

subscriptions :
subscription@kalkiweekly.com

other information :
info@kalkiweekly.com

subscription rates :

inland : annual
Rs.96/-

overseas : annual
25 US Dollars

THE Magazine for Children

RAGGING OF A DIFFERENT KIND?

Dear Reader,

It was heartening to read in the newspapers about a college in Tamilnadu, in which the seniors ragged the freshers with excess of affectionate welcome! They offered flowers and sweets; sang and danced to entertain them and made them feel at home.

This is of course very different from the sad stories of ragging that we have heard about earlier among students of several other colleges.

This pleasant way of ragging can be extended by the seniors to greater advantage. They can form a study committee, an attendance committee, a canteen committee, a sports committee and so on. Those who volunteer can offer an hour or two of their time per week for these committees.

The study committee can help juniors understand a difficult passage or problem in their text books. The canteen committee can supervise hygiene in the canteen and ensure that quality ingredients are used. The attendance committee can motivate late comers and reduce absenteeism. The sports committee can supervise purchases and make sure that everybody gets a chance to participate in their favourite game at different levels.

Perhaps such arrangements exist in some schools and colleges already; but I would like such a system to spread to all educational institutions. Wouldn't you?

- Editor

Word Roots/Arjun Kannan

All of us take photos with a camera. Its origin can be traced to many roots. Greek 'kamara' means an object with an arched cover. 'Camera obscura' is a word from Latin meaning dark chamber.

WHAT ON EARTH...!

Do any of you know that 'moon' and 'month' share the same root? Latin 'mensis' and Greek 'men' mean 'month'; The Latin word 'metiri' means 'to measure'. The moon was used to measure time in those days and the moon's time of revolution is approximately a month.

'Foot' is a word which has many origins. Similar words exist in many European languages. The Sanskrit word 'paad', Latin 'ped' etc. have given rise to this word. Thus a pedestrian is one who walks with his foot. When you pedal on your bicycle you use your feet.

'Erde' in German and 'aarde' in Dutch mean earth. This is how the land on which we all live gets its name!

'Man' has a Germanic origin. It is related to Dutch 'man', German 'Mann', and Sanskrit 'manu' meaning 'mankind'.

These days it is raining heavily in many parts of the country. So it is natural to use an umbrella. What is the origin of 'umbrella'? It comes from the Italian word ombrella, and from Latin umbra, meaning shade. The umbrella shades us from sun and rain.

Quickness and Dexterity

Squash or 'squash racquets', as it used to be called, is an indoor court game. Played in a rectangular room (the court) by two adjacent opponents, each uses a racquet to propel a small black rubber ball against a common front wall.

The game is played to a score of 9 points and the first player to win 3 games wins a match. A player must serve the ball in order to record a point.

* Joshna Chinappa

The close proximity of players to each other in squash demands a keen understanding of the rules of the game in order to ensure safe competition.

The length of a squash racquet is similar to the length of a tennis racquet, but a squash racquet has a smaller sized head.

The squash ball is the same size as a golf ball. Because the ball is hollow, it tends to flatten or squash against the front wall when struck–hence the name of the game! A struck squash ball can turn into a lethal flying projectile. Eye protection is required.

* Misha Grewal

Squash is a game of strategy and tactics. Other than a 90 second rest period between games, squash play is continuous, with almost no time to catch one's breath between serves. A squash match usually takes an hour to complete. This sport burns big calories and builds hand-eye co-ordination.

Squash is gaining popularity now in India and our country competes at the International level. Misha Grewal of Delhi was the first Indian to break into the big league when she qualified for the main draw in the 2005 Manchester Open. Promising Chennai talent, Dipika Pallikal emerged the winner in the French Junior Squash Open held in Marseilles recently. For her achievements in the game — World junior championship runner-up and former Asian junior champion — Joshna Chinappa has the credentials to be considered the symbol of Indian squash today.

Plus–Minus

Plus:

★ Dr. Manmohan Singh is a soft-spoken person.
★ He has the ability to move with world leaders.
★ He is the main architect of India's economic reforms.
★ He has the calibre of a world leader.
★ He can be firm and strong depending on the need of the hour.

Minus:

★ He has maintained a very low profile.
★ He seems to have very little power in matters of the cabinet.
★ He does not have any say in party matters.
★ He has often had to go back on his decisions.

- Ajay Ashok, Std VIII,
St. Michael's Academy,
Gandhi Nagar, Adyar

AN AFFABLE ECONOMIST

Rahul Dravid has just returned from the West Indies with his boys after a successful test series, but an unsuccessful ODI series. What do you consider are his plus and minus?

Your views should be stated in hundred words. The best entry wins a prize of **Rs.100/-** The entries should reach Gokulam by 10th August. Remember to include your name, age, class, name of school and residential address.

I'm Scared...

Dear Grandma,

I am scared of injections, though they are not painful. How do I get rid of my fear?

- Vandana G. Kenny, Goa

Dear Vandana,

It is quite likely that when you were very young someone frightened you by saying that if you don't behave, a doctor will give you an injection. Some such incident might have affected you. Try to recall it. Once you know the reason, it would be easy for you to overcome the phobia. That apart, I wish you good health. Let there not be any need for you to go to a doctor at all!

★★★

While no educational qualification is required for a Prime Minister, a District Collector has to be specially qualified! Why this anomalous situation in our country?

- Srivani Vasudevan, Bangalore

Dear Srivani,

Your's is an intelligent question and I am happy to answer it. When someone suggested to Gandhiji that voting rights should be given only to the educated, Gandhiji shot back "I do not want the arrogance of the intelligentia to rule over the poor, pitiable, illiterate people of our country". The words ring true even today, nearly 60 years after independence, for we have not eradicated illiteracy. Let us face it, there are fools and egoists among the educated and humble, well experienced honest people with practical knowledge among the uneducated. In a democracy, all are equal and anybody who is considered good and able by the people of the country must have the opportunity to lead them. More-

over, the Prime Minister or Chief Minister chosen by the people, has a lot of well educated advisers around him in the form of government officers. The P.M or C.M has only to listen to them, contemplate and take the right decisions.

★★★

I am always very slow in my work. It is my nature and my parents scold me for this and I feel bad. Please tell me, is being slow unpardonable?

- Keerthana Sharma, Pune

Dear Keerthana,

Being slow is not bad, but being lazy is. You know the story of the hare and the tortoise, don't you? The slow and steady tortoise won the race whereas the lazy hare was defeated. However, if you are not lazy but abnormally slow, then there may be a physical defect like under nourishment. It's better you con-

sult your family doctor. Don't blame your parents for scolding you, instead, talk to them and make them understand your problem or strong point as the case may be.

★★★

I have sent many contributions, but none of them get published in GOKULAM. I seek your guidance.

- P. Soundherya, Chennai - 91.

Dear Soundherya,

It's not easy to get one's manuscript published in a journal. But if you are really keen about writing, you should not lose heart. Instead, ask yourself, "Why?" Was it bad English? Indifferent presentation? Not so good handwriting? Lack of imagination? Plagiarism? Find out the reasons and improve yourself. It's also possible that a manuscript of yours has been selected but remains unpublished owing to lack of space. There is a big pile of manuscripts waiting to be published on the Editor's desk, over here! However, you may now feel happy that atleast your question to Grandmaworm has been published and your name too has appeared in this issue of GOKULAM!

Love
Grandmaworm

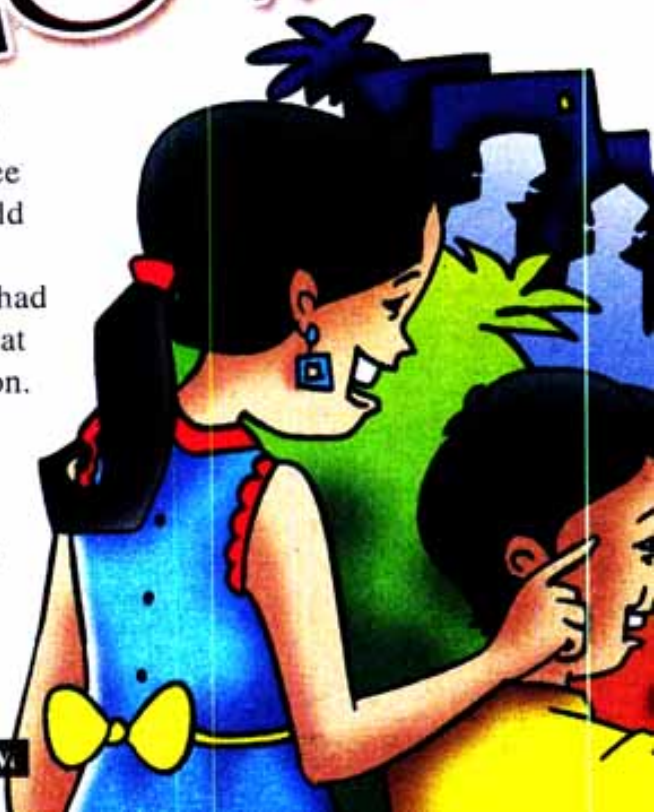
THE STREET CLOWN!

Rahul was very happy. He was standing with the other children from the neighborhood, laughing loudly. Ravi came out to see what it was, that was so funny. The children just couldn't stop laughing!

Ravi approached the group. They were standing around a clown who was performing some tricks.

Every now and then his assistant would start a loud laughter Ha Ha Ha! Hee Hee Hee! And the children would laugh louder.

Ravi's dog Moti, which had followed him, was barking at this strangely dressed person. He was new to the neighbourhood after all. The clown did a trick. He brought a biscuit out of the air! Moti seemed happy eating the biscuit and stopped barking. When he looked up at the clown, he said "Thank you for the biscuit!" Rahul couldn't believe it! "Moti can talk! Look, Moti can talk!" he shouted with glee. All the children started clapping. Ravi smiled. He understood the trick. It was 'ventriloquism'. But Rahul thought Moti had got some new power because of the biscuit.



The clown performed many more acts. He juggled, rode a rather strange cycle with just one wheel and walked on his hands. All the time he made funny faces and cracked jokes, making all the people gathered round there laugh.

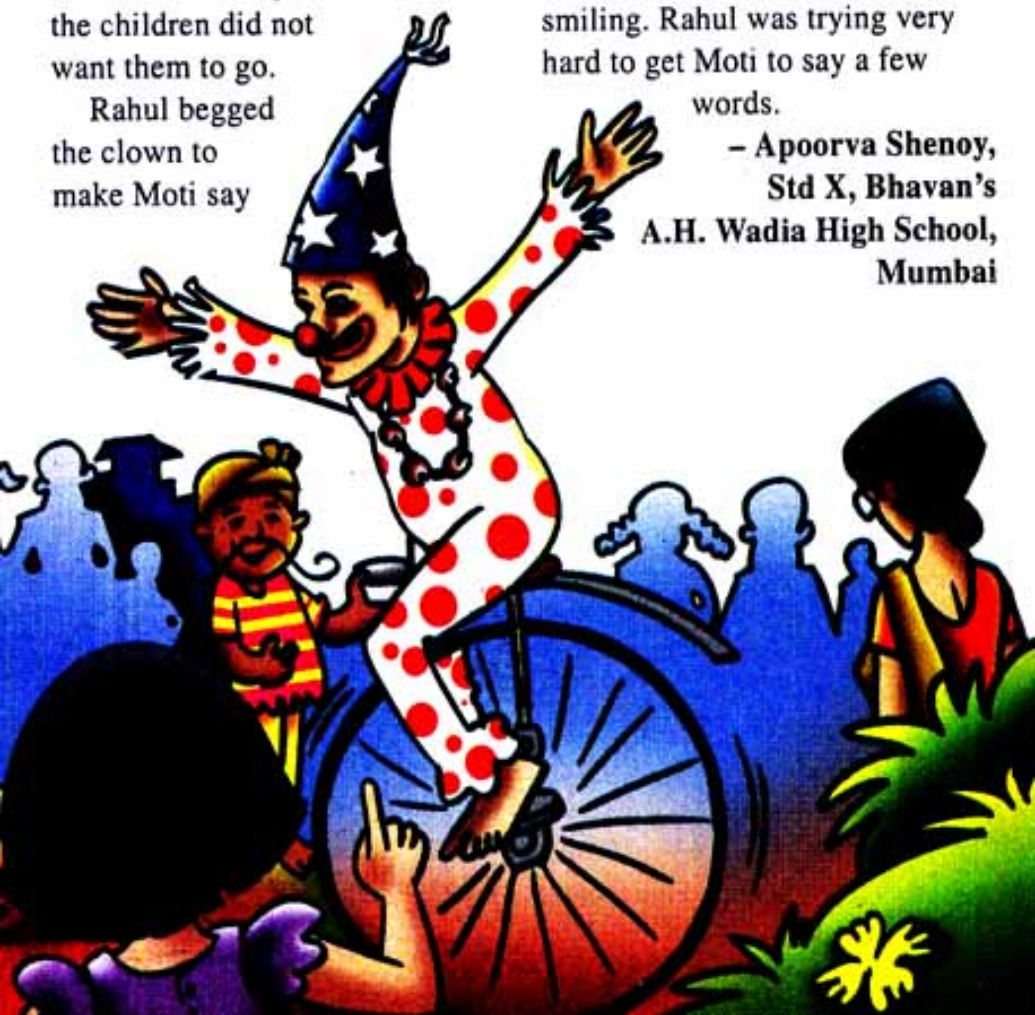
What the children liked most was Moti talking.

As the clown finished his act and started packing up, his assistant came round with a box to collect the money. But the children did not want them to go.

Rahul begged the clown to make Moti say something more, by giving him the magic biscuit. The clown said he would get Moti to talk one last time as he had run out of magic biscuits.

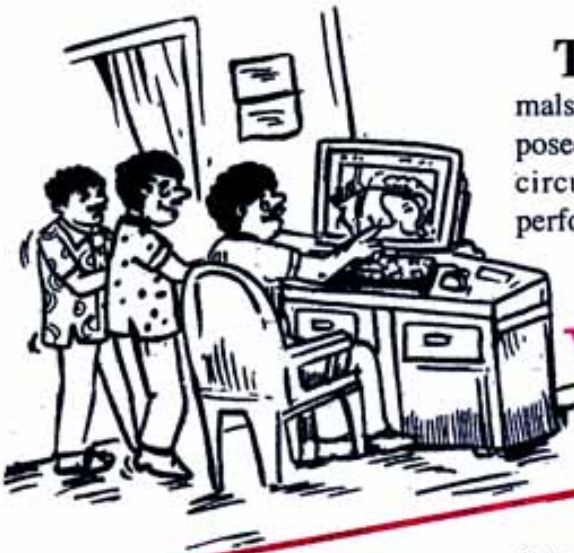
He gave the dog one biscuit. Moti said, "Thank you for the biscuit. Bye bye." He and his assistant then packed up and left. The crowd dispersed. As Ravi walked home he couldn't help smiling. Rahul was trying very hard to get Moti to say a few words.

– Apoorva Shenoy,
Std X, Bhavan's
A.H. Wadia High School,
Mumbai



Animals are psychologically disturbed by bright focus lights and by repeating the same trick until they get it right. Film directors can use animated cartoons instead of torturing animals.

- Narayan .U, Std XII, Carmel Matric. HS. School, Erode



Virtual

Traumatising animals and making them forcefully perform deadly acts must be avoided. It's a good and welcome that the Film Censor Board has tied up with the Animal Welfare Board for a noble cause. Film makers must be taken to task and heavily fined for violation.

- A. Sesha Sai Kashyap, Std VII, St.Joseph's Public School, Hyderabad

In my opinion the film makers shouldn't be allowed to feature animals. The famous saying of Lord Mahavira 'Live and let live' is well applicable here.

Not only filmmakers even circus owners should be punished for using animals.

- S. Bharath Kumar, Std IX, Kendriya Vidyalaya

There is no harm in making animals act in films. If ban is to be imposed on films then why not ban the circus? While animals made to perform dangerous stunts for long periods are traumatized several times, they are taken care of too. The animals in films do not perform the tricks or stunts continuously. They are given a break before proceeding to the next shot.

- S. Mrityunjeyan, Age 17, Hyderabad

The Film Censor Board should not ban films just becaue they portray animals. Instead, they should check out the content and the rate of

Or Real?

look very real.

- Tanya, Std IX, Nirmala Convent School, Chidambaram

Those film - makers who give written assurance to Animal Welfare organizations that they will not traumatise animals should be allowed to feature them.

- Abhipsa Pattojoshi, Std VII, DAV Public School, Bhubaneswar

stress laid on the poor creatures.

- M. Sneha, Std X, St. Anne's Girls HS.School, Bangalore

Humans have no business traumatising animals. Film makers can use computer graphics. Technological advancement makes them

Animals cannot verbalize their feelings and humans takes advantage of this. We forget that it is every individual's duty to protect the environment of which animals are a part. Films featuring animals should not be released as they torture the animals.

- Ila Tyagi, Age 14, Agra

QUESTION FOR THE MONTH

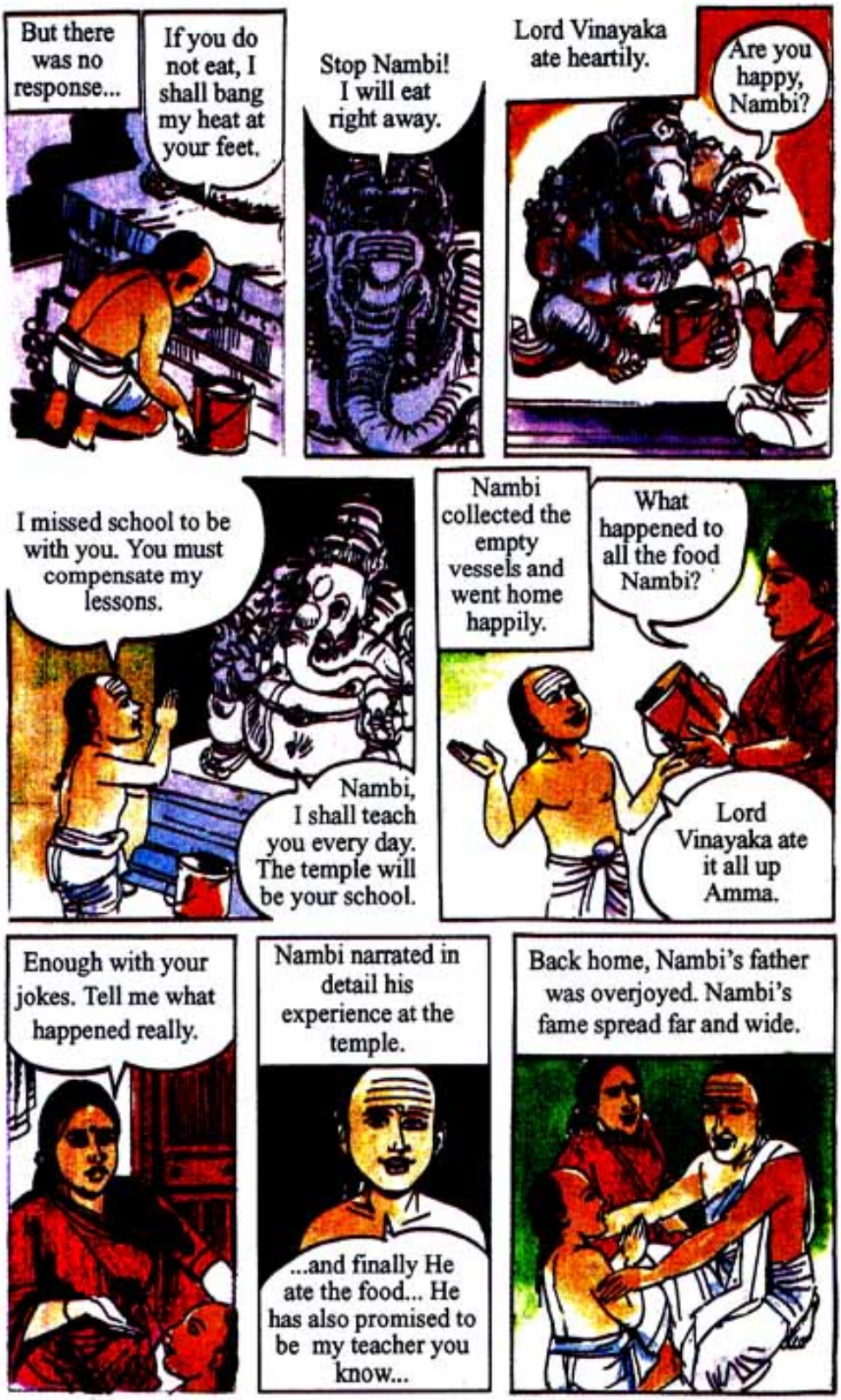
Should parents have a say in the choice of their child's friendship?

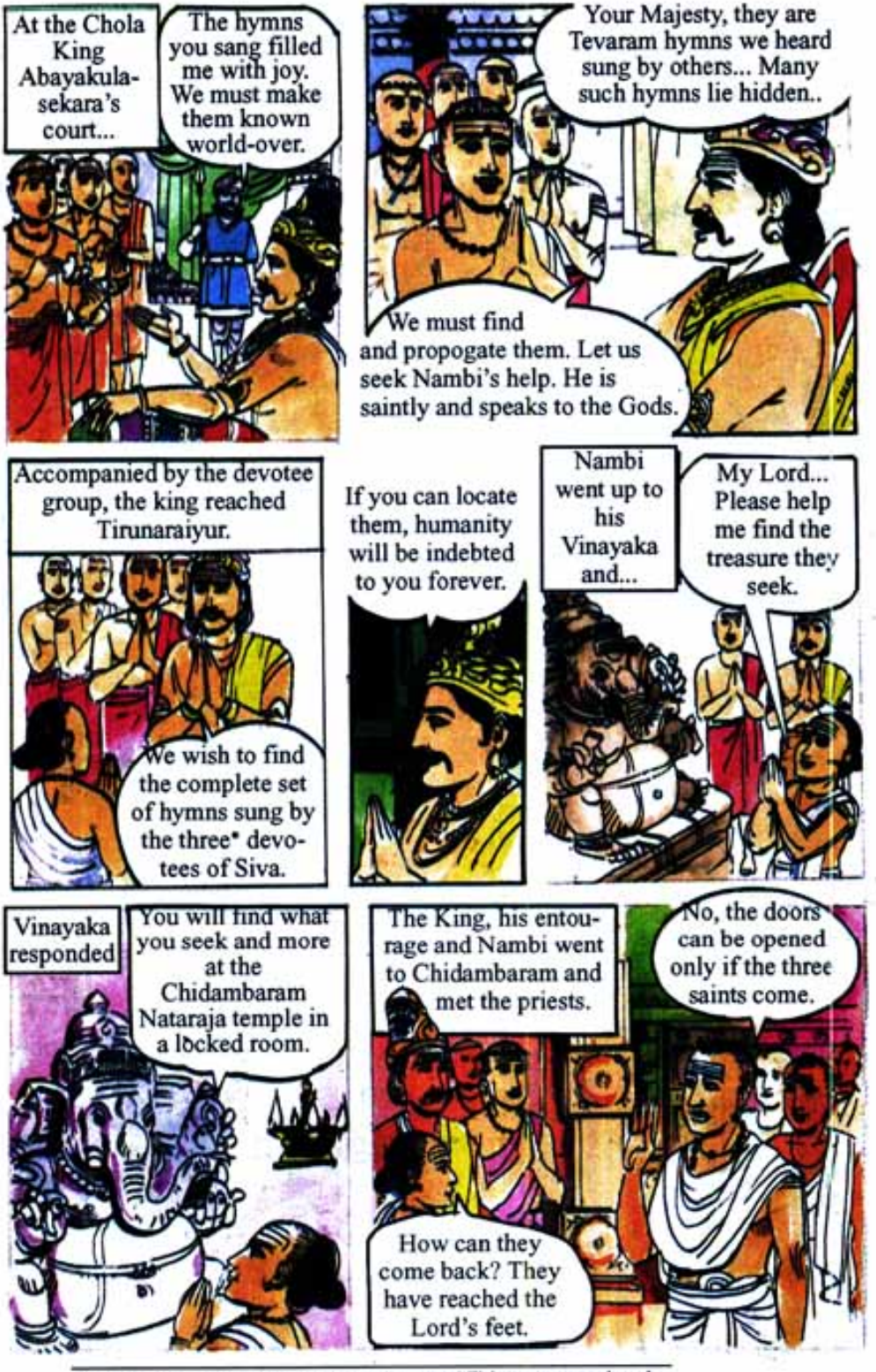
Send us your views by 10.8.2006. Each published entry will receive a prize of Rs. 25/-. Remember to include details of your age, class, school and residential address. Those of you who are non - residents of India should send us a local (Indian) address too. You can send entries by post or by e.mail (gokulam@kalkiweekly.com)

Divine Child-2

NAMBIYANDAR NAMBI

Story, Pictures: Thamarai


But there was no response...
If you do not eat, I shall bang my heat at your feet.
Stop Nambi! I will eat right away.
Lord Vinayaka ate heartily.
Are you happy, Nambi?
I missed school to be with you. You must compensate my lessons.
Nambi, I shall teach you every day. The temple will be your school.
Nambi collected the empty vessels and went home happily.
What happened to all the food Nambi?
Lord Vinayaka ate it all up Amma.
Enough with your jokes. Tell me what happened really.
Nambi narrated in detail his experience at the temple.
...and finally He ate the food... He has also promised to be my teacher you know...
Back home, Nambi's father was overjoyed. Nambi's fame spread far and wide.



* Appar or Thirunavukkarasar, Sundarar and Thirugnanasambandar

It is Lord Nataraja's diktat. The doors will not open for any other...
But the hymns belong to humanity. We must have them.
Yes, they are essential to help preserve Saivite religion and propogate it.
The King intervened...
Oh learned ones, organise a procession of Lord Nataraja...
Statues of the three saints joined the procession– the king's plan!
Look, the Lord has come accompanied by the three saints...
The priests of Chidambaram opened the locked room and heard...
Devotees! only the worthy among the Thirumurai hymns, remain here. Your king will be known as 'Thirumuraikanda Chozhan.'
We could not have managed this without you sir. You must organise and compile the palm leaf manuscripts.
Nambiandar Nambi —as he came to be called—compiled the manuscripts. He wrote many works too.
Vinayaga Eratai Manimaalai
Koyil Thirupanmar Virutham
Aaludaipillayar Thiruvula Maalai
Thiruthondar Thiruvandadi
Thiruchanbai Virutham

None of the DMK ministers were present at the cabinet meeting called for by the Prime Minister. The crucial decision to disinvest 10% of the shares of Neyveli Lignite Corporation was taken at this meeting. A strike was called for by NLC workers and all political parties "made hay out of the sunshine!" Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu, Karunanidhi said that the cabinet decision went against the common minimum programme and threatened to pull out of the coalition government at the centre. Finally the Prime Minister was forced to put on hold the disinvestment proposal. It was a loss of face for him, which could have been easily avoided if atleast one of the DMK ministers had attended the cabinet meeting and voiced their protest.

The GSLV rocket which was supposed to launch in orbit a super satellite blew up too, soon after take off. Ofcourse it's a big loss in terms of money; but scientific advancement does not come cheap. Our scientists are determined to learn from mistakes and convert them into achievements.

• Mayhem in Mumbai

BRAVO, MUMBAIKARS!

• GSLV rocket

It was a set back for scientific India when Agni III, the intercontinental ballistic missile developed by us missed its target when test fired.

A serial bomb blast in Mumbai's suburban trains killed 150 commuters, besides injuring many more. The hand of Lashkar-e-Toiba is seen. Our Prime Minister has categorically announced that it would be difficult to continue the peace process with Pakistan, if such cross border terrorism does not end. Our intelligence network must function more efficiently. Preventing tragedies is better than catching the culprits after the events. Meanwhile Mumbaikars are back to routine as though nothing happened. Bravo!

SCHOOL AHEAD!

Teacher: Why are you late?
Raju: Because of the sign.
Teacher: What sign?
Raju: The one that says, "School Ahead, Go Slow."

– C.K.Das Rajagopal, Mylapore, Chennai

Keshav: My dad always treats ups and downs alike!
Siddharth: Oh! Is he a philosopher?
Keshav: No. He is a road engine driver!

– R.Gopalan, Chennai

Ram: Last year, I scored centum in maths!
Sham: In which exam?!
Ram: Total of quarterly, half yearly and annual exams!

– Yamuna Renganathan, Bangalore

Doctor : Why didn't you take these iron pills?
Patient : They are fake ones, sir.
Doctor : How can you say that?
Patient : I tested them with a magnet, doctor! They were not attracted.

– P. Sai Deepak, Std VIII, Sainik School, Korukonda - 535 214

KIRAN BEDI

Kiran Bedi had the distinction of being the first woman to join the Indian Police Service (IPS) "My urge to be OUTSTANDING", is her reply, when asked what inspired her.

Born on 9th June 1949, she is the second of four daughters of her parents, Prem Lata and Prakash Lal Peshawaria. She studied at the Sacred Heart Convent School, Amritsar. Kiran started playing tennis at the age of 9. Between 1965-1978 she distinguished herself in that game, playing for her state and the Indian team. She is a former all -India and all Asian tennis champion. Kiran won the Asian Ladies title at the age of 22 years.

On completing her Master's degree in Political Science from the Punjab University, Chandigarh, Kiran began her career as a lecturer in Political Science at the Khalsa College, Amritsar. In 1972 she was selected to join the IPS.

Kiran Bedi brought about changes in the Indian Police Service especially in traffic and VIP security management. It was during her stint as IG-Prisons that she made sweeping changes in the Tihar Jail, Delhi. She reformed the management of the prison. Her interaction with the prisoners led to a better understanding of their living conditions. They were given better food. Festivals of all religions were celebrated. She introduced Yoga, Vipaasana meditation and detoxification for the prisoners. She looked into the complaints of the prisoners. She also encouraged prisoners to pursue studies. Computers, painting and craft were also taught. Products made by the prisoners were sold. This gave the prisoners some dignity and

self-respect. They were able to send their family some money.

Kiran herself pursued higher studies even while in active service. She obtained a degree in Law from the Delhi University. She was also awarded a Ph.D. from the Department of Social Studies of the IIT, Delhi. She presented a thesis on Drug Abuse and Domestic Violence.

She established two major voluntary organizations to improve the conditions of drug addicts and the poor people.

She is now serving as a political advisor with the United Nations peace-keeping department.

The honours and awards bestowed upon her are numerous. She has been given the Magsaysay Award—also referred to as the Asian Noble Prize; the UN Medal for Outstanding Service; the Asia Region Award. She also received an award for outstanding contribution to the Asia Pacific Conference.

She has inspired a film—Tejaswani— in which Shantipriya enacts four episodes of Kiran's real life. Kiran is a star in her own right. If women have taken to police profession in India with gusto, it is due

to the example she has set. In Kiran's own list of the women she admires most, Indira Gandhi is way up.

- Kaushalya Narendran,
Std VIII, Vasant Vihar High School & Junior College, Mumbai

Mr. Dudley and his Chocolate Chip Cookies

James Dudley was a plump and jolly clown with the Jumbo Circus. He had been performing for many years and was very popular. How the audience loved him! He was a superb comedian. The children would scream for Jimmy the Jester!

Every Sunday, he would go to the Cookie Jar Cookie Store round the corner to buy chocolate chip cookies for him and strawberry cookies for Mrs. Dudley.

Soon his wonderful performance was rewarded with a raise in his pay. He thought of treating himself to some extra cookies that week. As luck would have it, Mrs. Dudley's aunt called to say she would be visiting them with her children that day.

Mr. Dudley was worried. He hated to share his chocolate chip cookies - even with Mrs. Dudley. Mrs. Dudley's aunt loved chocolate chip cookies too. Mr. Dudley knew there would be hardly any left for him, when she came visiting.

So he had an idea. He bought extra cookies for both of them as he had planned. He gave Mrs. Dudley her box of strawberry cookies. He then went and hid his chocolate chip cookies in the pantry.

That afternoon, Mrs. Dudley's aunt and her children came. After lunch, Mr. Dudley entertained the children with his act.

At tea-time, everyone enjoyed the strawberry cookies except Mr. Dudley. He was waiting for them to leave so he could gorge on his chocolate chip cookies.

Mrs. Dudley's aunt and her children bid them goodbye and left. The moment the door closed behind them, Mr. Dudley rushed to the pantry to eat his chocolate chip cookies. He was horrified to see the dish empty. He asked Mrs. Dudley if she had offered anyone the chocolate chip cookies. She said she had not.

Where could the cookies have gone? Then he noticed some cookie

crumbs on the floor. He followed the trail to discover that it was the ants that had finished off his cookies.

Poor Mr. Dudley. Mrs. Dudley felt sorry for him. So she went and bought him another box of his favourite Chocolate Chip Cookies!!

— K. V. Anjana, Std VII
Chinmaya Vidyalaya, Tripunithura

Hello, Kaun?

Once I was alone at home when the phone rang. I picked up the receiver. The voice on the other end asked me, "Hello, Nicky?" I said, "Yes. What happened?" It never occurred to me to ask the caller's name. The voice sounded like my niece. We chatted for a while. After a few minutes she asked, "Where is Sunita Aunty?" I didn't understand so I said, "Sunita! Who Sunita?" She seemed a little baffled and said, "Your mother of course." I realised my mistake. I was so embarrassed, I cut off the line. I had gossiped with someone whom I didn't know. Now I first ask the caller's name and only then talk.

— Pratikshya Mishra, Std VII, Kendriya Vidyalaya Sambalpur

Banana Leaf

The Sharp Sting

This summer vacation, I went to my native place, Gudiyatham, a town near Vellore. There was a festival going on. There, we eat on banana leaves during festivals. My uncle asked me to lay out a bundle of banana leaves. When I was doing so, something stung the tip of my index finger. A bee had stung me! The poison spread quickly and my hand went numb. We rushed to a nearby clinic and the sting was removed. I was given an antiseptic injection. After a while my hand returned to normal. I cannot and never will forget this painful incident.

— M.B. Ezhil Raja, Std IX, St.John Sr.Sec.School, Mandaveli, Chennai

& The Bee

A Trim Job

We were to visit Mahabaleshwar during Christmas vacation. A day before leaving, I wanted my hair trimmed. My father said he would do it for me.

He began to trim my hair. Since one side was shorter than the other, he trimmed the other side. This went on for several minutes. He eventually realised that it had become too short. He asked me to take a look in the mirror. I was shocked to find my shoulder length hair now only till my ears. I started weeping.

— Kaushalya Narendran, Std IX, Mumbai

A Terrifying Night

It happened one rainy night in November. My sister woke up in the middle of the night for a drink of water. She saw a hooded figure standing next to the window. Terrified, my sister woke me up. What I saw frightened me just as much.

We quietly padded over to our mother and woke her up. She burst into laughter and asked us to switch on the light. There was father, a nature lover, watching the rain. He was protecting himself from the cold, wrapped in a bedsheet!

— G. Ragavijaya, Std VII, Jawahar School, Neyveli

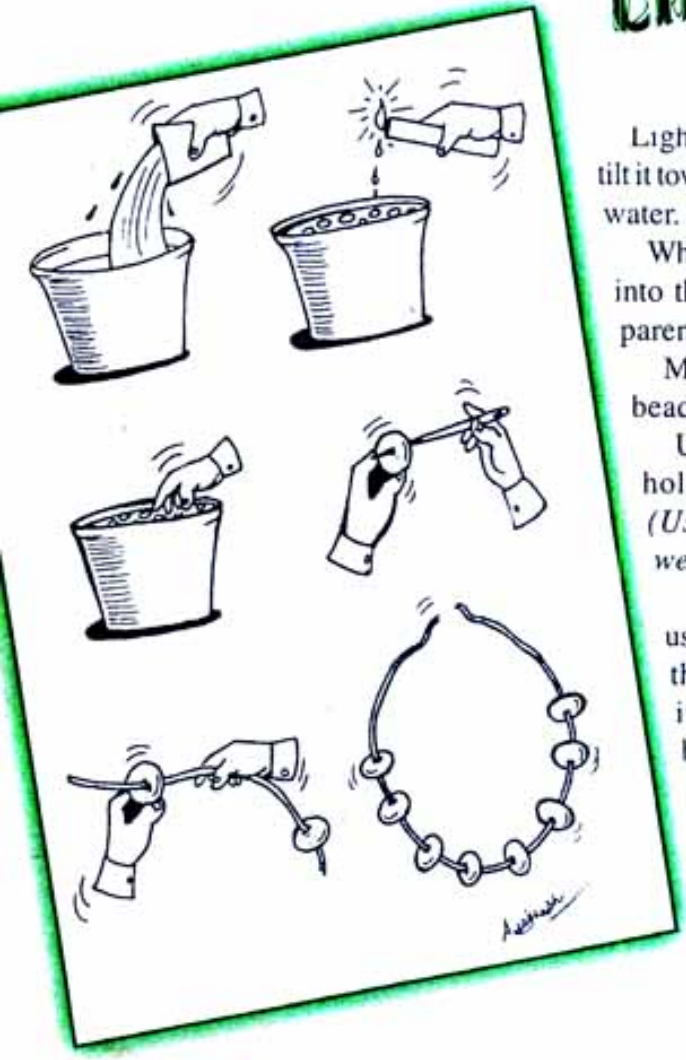
AN ATTRACTIVE CHAIN

You will need:

Match box, Bowl, Water, Candle *(any colour)*, Needle, Transparent wire *(used mainly for wall hanging)*

Procedure:

Fill some water is the bowl.



Light the candle and slowly tilt it towards the bowl filled with water.

When the molten wax drops into the water it forms a transparent bead.

Make some ten to fifteen beads.

Using a needle, make a hole through each bead. *(Use a thick candle to get well rounded beads)*

String the wax beads using the wire. Hold both the ends of the wire and insert a bead which can be adjusted according the size of your neck.

Your attractive chain is ready!

- P. Nancy, Std -X,
D.A.V. Sr.
Secondary School,
Chennai

Message in a bottle

Four year old Alesha Johnson from the UK got a huge surprise recently. Last July she sent a message in a bottle and received a reply from Australia! Taking part in a school trip to England's Morecambe Bay, Alesha and her school friends chucked bottles into the North Sea. Her's somehow managed to brave oceans and was picked up by 10 year old Bob from Perth. He realised that the note must have travelled 9,000 miles, and sent Alesha an aerogram saying he had found it. "We were all very excited when the letter from Australia arrived" said Alesha's teacher Doreen Johnson. "We never dreamed the bottle would go that far, it is amazing."

— Nidhi Choudhary, Jaipur

DID YOU KNOW...?

- Our eyes are always the same size from birth, but our nose and ears never stop growing.
- The only city whose name is spelt completely with vowels, is Aiea, Hawai. It is located approximately twelve miles west of Honolulu.
- Giraffes have no vocal cords.
- A cat has four rows of whiskers.
- An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.
- Donald Duck's middle name is Fauntleroy.
- A goldfish has a memory span of three seconds.

— Arun P. Gandhi, Kalyan

Memory Exercises

● **Himanshi Sahu,**
Chattisgarh.

? I am in Std VII. My memory is weak. Can you suggest some exercises to improve my memory?

! There are three exercises that could help you improve your memory. They are reading, revising and recalling.

Read the lessons thoroughly. If necessary use a dictionary to know the meaning of the words. Reading without knowing the meaning of the words is futile. Note down your doubts and get them clarified immediately. When you don't understand a particular point, don't hesitate to ask your teacher, friends or parents. Never mug up lessons blindly as you will forget them quickly.

When you learn something new, try to relate them to relevant known things. This is called associated learning. Information stays in the memory longer if it is related to something interesting. Associate the date to be learnt with a date you already remember. E.g.: a week after your birthday, 2 days after the Children's day, a month before Christmas, etc., For numbers: 7439 It can be recalled as 74, 39 (2 numbers instead of 4).

You can have your own 'acronyms' or 'acrostics' for all difficult contextual forms, formulae etc. Acronym is a word made out of the first letter of each item to be recalled. E.g.: HOMES spells the great lakes: Huron, Ontario, Michigan, Erie, Superior. Acrostic is a sentence formed by the first letter of each name and stands for a word in a sentence. e.g., Fred, Lois, Pauline, Ida = Find little pickles immediately.

Next comes revising. After

reading the lessons, close the book and quickly go through all that you read in your mind. It is better to write it all down. Check your original draft to see if you have omitted anything important. Unless you read thoroughly and understand the lesson, you cannot reproduce it completely.

The last one is recalling. A small review each day is essential to improve your memory. So recall what you have learnt everyday. It could be done in the form of self-recitation. If you are comfortable reciting loudly, don't feel shy, because verbal rehearsal is an effective memory tool.

• V. Mahadevan, Chennai-4

? What is the reason for swelling at the site of mosquito bite?

! The mosquito usually spits some secretions on the skin before it sucks the blood from our body. An allergic reaction takes place at the site of the mosquito bite. As a result, a chemical mediator called 'histamine' is

immediately released by the mast cells of our body. It causes dilatation of the blood vessels at that site. This in turn causes excess fluid accumulation there. We call it swelling.

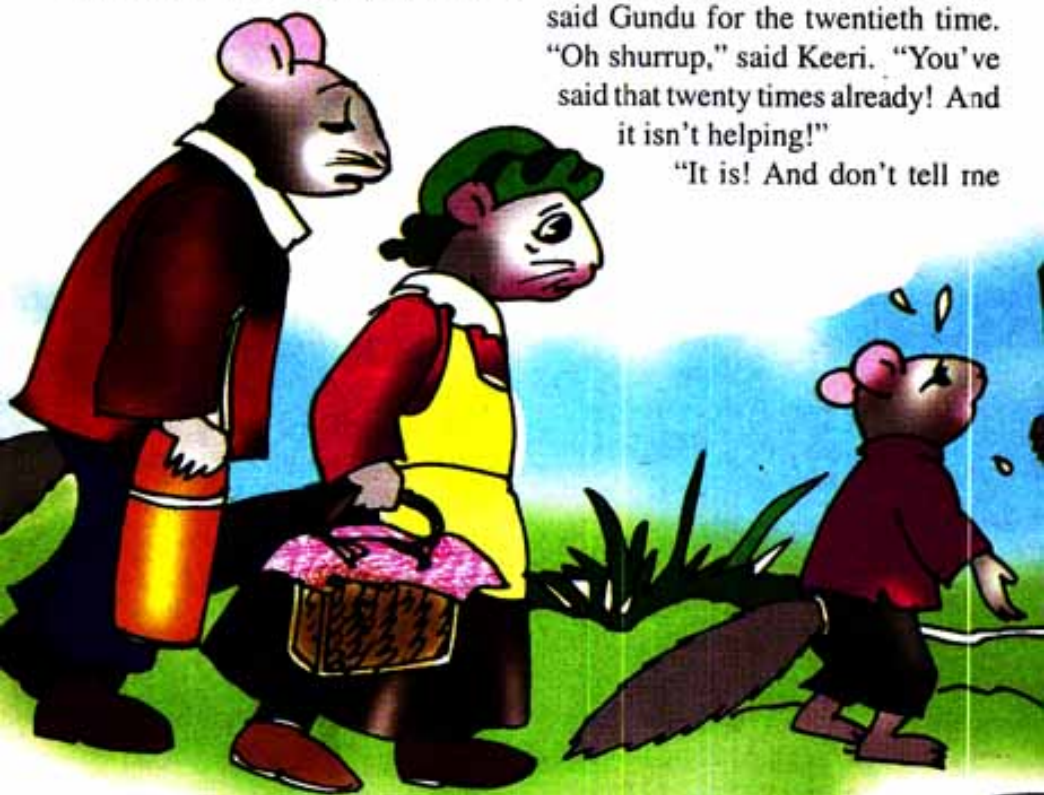
• D. Sam Sundar, Chennai-24.

? What is small pox? How is it caused? Is it worse than cancer?

! Small pox is a viral disease. A virus called variola major causes it. It spreads through the air. It is a highly infectious and fatal disease. It is worse than cancer. Luckily it has been eradicated from the world, thanks to Dr Edward Jenner who discovered small pox vaccine in 1796.

The Mongoose Saga 6/Zai Whitaker

Gundu and Keeri were washing dishes when they heard the thud of panicky feet, and froze. Gundu dropped a spoon, Keeri gasped like a steam-engine, and Bounce collapsed at their feet. They realized that the dishes would have to wait, and sat down next to him.



Their hearts sank lower and lower- Gundu felt his traveling down his legs- as they watched Bounce sob and sob and sob. Everyone has their own sobbing style, and his was to lie on his back, legs crossed, and bicycle-peddle his front paws.

This went on for an hour. It was impossible to get a word out of Bounce. Then the sobs and shivers became less violent. "There, there," said Gundu for the twentieth time. "Oh shurrup," said Keeri. "You've said that twenty times already! And it isn't helping!"

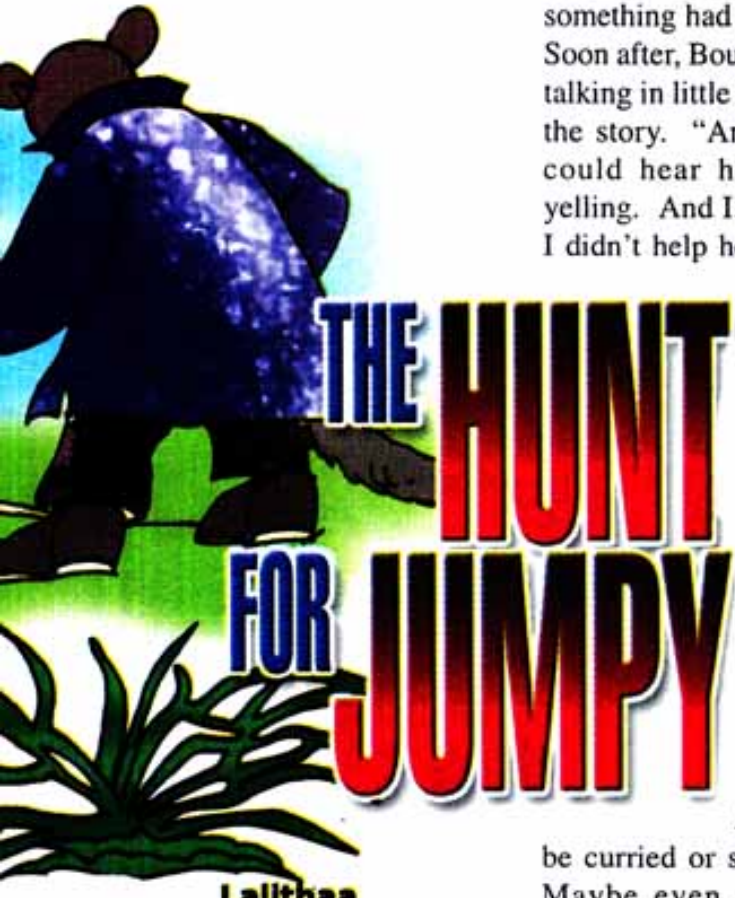
"It is! And don't tell me to shurrup! You double-shurrup!"

This angry exchange between his parents had a good effect on Bounce. A nuclear war was breaking out because of him. Using every bit of his will-power, he sat up, wiped his eyes with his paws and took some deep breaths. But it was some time before

he could talk. Keeri broke the silence.

"Gundu, did you notice? There's three of us."

Gundu hated Keeri's habit of throwing out mysterious questions.



THE HUNT FOR JUMPY

Lalithaa

But he didn't protest, because the war seemed to have ended and he didn't want to start another one. "There's three of us," Keeri repeated.

"Not four. Jumpy. Not here."

Bounce's energetic "Yes" nods showed that she was right: something had happened to Jumpy. Soon after, Bounce was able to start talking in little bursts, and tell them the story. "And as I ran home, I could hear her screaming and yelling. And I...I just came home. I didn't help her. I just let her be taken away." And Bounce sat there, numb, with a haunted look. The feeling that he'd abandoned his sister was worse that anything he'd ever felt before. Keeri sank slowly to the floor, clutching her head. There could only be one explanation. Jumpy was going to be curried or stir-fried for dinner. Maybe even now, at this very moment, she was being spiced..... it was unbearable.

Gundu took his son in his arms and rocked him back and forth. "You did the right thing," he said. "At

least we have you. If you'd followed her we would have lost both of you."

The room exploded. Keeri had jumped up like lightning, with an angry snarl. "What're you saying you silly rodent? You crazy, or WHAT. What's this stupid talk of losing them both?" She was standing on two legs now, paws on hips, a sign that she meant business. "Jumpy's coming back, you hear me? We're going to get her back. Get up, you two. Up."

"What... what are you planning?" asked Gundu in a small voice.

"Never mind. Bounce, fill the water bottles. Gundu, get Raja the tracker from the cashew plantation. Hurry. Be back here in ten minutes with him."

Gundu ran. His slow brain slowly caught on. Okay, so that was the plan. Raja, a wise old mongoose who lived alone in the cashew grove, was an ace tracker and even now, with eyes and nose only half as sharp as they once were, he had solved many mysteries. As Bounce got on with the water-filling, Keeri packed a small picnic basket with the remains of last night's dinner. Some termites, a frog or two, a nest of crows' eggs. Not a feast, but enough to fuel them for the next two days.

Exactly twenty minutes later, the

search party set off. Anxious, frightened, tense... but not hopeless.

Raja squinted at the ground, scowled at the sky, and grimaced into the trees, like a true tracker. Strapped on his back was his old grey knapsack, with a map of coastal Africa in it. He

knew it wouldn't help much- it never had- but trackers carry maps and this is the only one he had.

"Lead on, Commander Bounce!" he said in his raspy old

voice. Lifting his head, Bounce began a brisk, steady march to the spot where Jumpy had been kidnapped. For a moment, tears blurred his eyes as he pointed to the evil footprints clearly marked in the soil. Keeri sniffled, Gundu had to walk away for a bit to hide his emotion. But Raja got to work and put his old nose to the ground. Sniff sniff sniff.

"Ah! This makes sense!" he announced. The others looked at him expectantly.

(To be continued)

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Dear Readers,

* You may send in your contributions to **Gokulam** either by post or by e-mail.(gokulam@kalkiweekly.com)

Remember to send in your details - **Name, Age, Class, Name and Address of school, Residential address and a declaration stating that the contribution is your original creation. (Source must be mentioned wherever applicable.)**

We cannot guarantee publication of all your contributions nor is it possible to inform you about when it will be published. However, if you would like us to send it back on rejection, kindly enclose a stamped self - addressed envelope.

- Editor

PARTICIPATION CERTIFICATE

If any of your creative contributions are published in **Gokulam** you will receive a **Participation Certificate**. (Letters and queries do not qualify). At the end of the one year period ending June 2007, the contributor who has collected the maximum number of certificates will receive a special prize.

THE HORNBILLS

Aazhi

The hornbills are known to have been around for over a million years. They get their name from their enormous curved bills.

There are close to 54 species of hornbills. They differ in size and shape.

• Giant hornbill

• Grey hornbill

• Kenyan hornbill

The bill of the hornbills can measure up to 45 cms. They resemble a pick-axe.

Above the bill is the cap like structure known as the casque. This is attached to the mandible.

* Malaysian hornbill

The hornbills prey on lizards, scorpions, bats, insects, worms and the young of other birds.

In African forests, the hornbills follow the monkeys, which prance around the tree tops. They prey on the insects that are dislodged from the branches by the monkeys' movement.

The hornbills mate for life, even up to 20 years. Their life span is approximated at 45 years.

The female locates the nesting site. When she is ready she goes into the tree hollow. The male then seals the cavity with plaster made from its own dropping mixed with regurgitated vegetation and soft fine mud. It leaves a tiny gap through which the tip of its bill can enter!

To seal the nest the hornbill uses the soft fine soil from the anthill. This sealing may take up to one month.

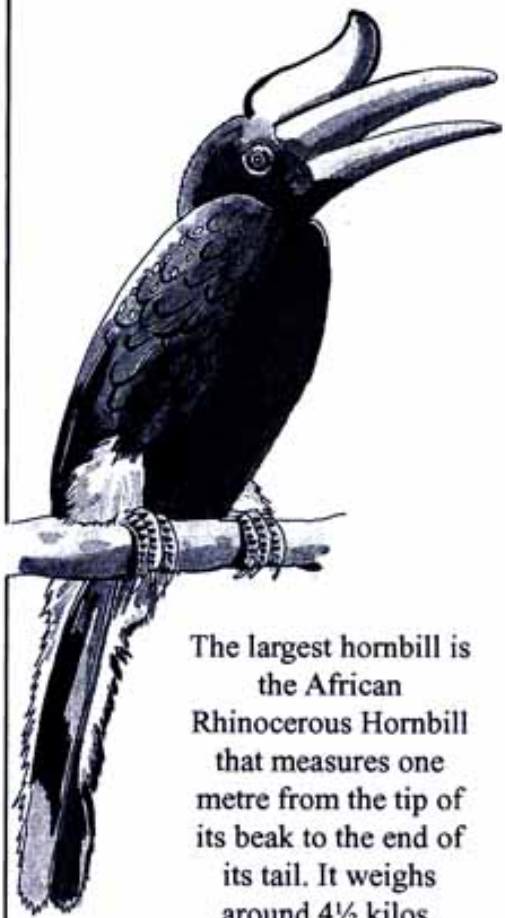
The male carries the food in the pouch in its throat. The male feeds the female through a hole large enough for the bill.

The male hornbill is very dedicated to his family. Should anything happen to him during this period, the female and the young will die of starvation.

During incubation the female does not drink a single drop of water. The moisture in the food sustains her. If her mate feeds her something she does not like, she flings it right out through the opening!

As soon as the eggs hatch, the female breaks out of the chamber. The hole is re-sealed by the male and the feeding continues through the hole. After they have grown sufficiently—in about three months— the nestlings break out of their home and begin to fly.

The hornbills resent human intrusion into their habitat. They to drop twigs on the intruders to chase them away.



The largest hornbill is the African Rhinocerous Hornbill that measures one metre from the tip of its beak to the end of its tail. It weighs around 4½ kilos.

All hornbills do not fly. The flightless hornbills hop around. They forage for food available on the ground, but are typically 'hole-nesters'

In India we have the Malabar Hornbill, which can be found in Bihar, Orissa and Uttar Pradesh. They feed only on fruits.

The smallest is about the size of a pigeon.

Serial-Chapter 2/Vijayan

Geetha's heart missed a beat! "This is ridiculous!" She thought. A daring robbery takes place in their own colony and she has to know about it through a newspaper! What was worse, as per the newspaper report this was the second such incident in the colony! "Never heard of the first one," mumbled Geetha. It had happened nearly a month ago on the Third street. Now it was the turn of the fourth street. Geetha lived with her parents in the Fifth! "May, be our home will be targeted next! What a thrill! This is just what the Power Puff Girls need! A rea adventure!"

The newspaper report was of a moderate length, but enough to give ful details of the burglaries. The patterr was the same in both. The cupboard puller was on the lookout for the house owners to pack up and go on a vacation or on a short trip lasting two or three days. He then jumped over the compound wall at night and neared the window of the room in which the stee cupboard was kept. He managed to

pry open the closed window and perhaps with the help of a long, sturdy hook, drew the steel cupboard near the window.

He had then tried several keys through the gap between the bars in the window. Soon, as he was successful with one of the keys, he had stolen money and jewellry. He did not touch any clothes or other bulky objects which would prove to be cumbersome

THE CASE OF THE CUPBOARD PULLER

to squeeze out between the bars. Money and jewellery were more than enough for him! He then locked the cupboard and closed the window as though nothing had happened and walked away with the loot!

The owners of the house had returned the next morning. The family found everything intact, except the steel cupboard which had been moved (surprise!). It was not long before they found cash and jewellery missing, (shock!).

They raised a hue and cry! The neighbours responded to their call for help but there was little that they could do. Samuel, the head of the family, was advised to report to the police.

Samuel went to the nearest police

station, a couple of kilometers away and a first information report (FIR) was filed. Soon, the police with their investigative team arrived on the scene, but the detectives found nothing to help them. No fingerprints; no foot prints. The strong hook which must have been used to pull the cupboard, was not to be found. Obviously the burglar took it back with him. Staff reporters of dailies on "police beat" were tipped off and the news had been flashed.

The first burglary was not reported in the newspapers. Perhaps it was brushed aside by 'news editors' as a stray, trivial incident. But when a second daring attempt became successful, and that too in the same locality, it was no longer a minor matter. The news deserved an eye-catching display!

"This is atrocious", said Geetha aloud, to herself. She was by now bursting with excitement. An ingenious robbery takes place in an adjacent street and she had not come to know of it for over thirty hours!

"Hope Suriya and Rita have not read the papers this morning, in which case I'll be the first to tell them! Wouldn't that be smashingly dashing! But before that I should break the news to my parents now!"

She rushed to their bedroom, and shook them so vigourously that they were startled out of their sleep! "Listen to this", she said; and gave them the news in bits and pieces. She was so worked up that she even stammered!

Goutham snatched the newspaper from his daughter's hands and read the news under the bedside lamp. "I can't believe this," he said; "but, ofcourse, it ought to be true!".

"Terrible!" exclaimed Mom; "Almost frightening!" she drew aside the window curtains to let in the morning sunshine.

"I'll talk to Sastry about this" said Dad, in the manner of concluding the conversation.

Sastry was his good friend from college days. He now held a very high position in the state government; in fact, in the home department and it was believed that he had access to the Chief Minister's ear anytime of the day or night!

Meanwhile Geetha was busy calling her partners in the Power Puff

Teacher: Ali your handwriting is very bad.

Ali: That's alright; I'm going to be a doctor.

– Aswathi, Std V,
St.Paul's EMHSS,
Thenipalam, Kerala

group.

Renu who was awake and by now aware of the shocking news heard his sister talking to Suriya over the phone and warned: "Don't get into trouble Powder Puff!"

"Mind your own business", Geetha said, dialing the second of her two partners.

"I certainly will", retorted Renu, 'but I only wish that you follow what you preach! You're always interfering in other people's affairs, dragging your friends too towards danger!"

"We'll face the danger, if any, ourselves. We won't be coming to you crying for help" shot back Geetha and engaged herself in excited conversation with Rita.

"Mom! I've warned your daughter; but she's in no mood to listen to some advice," Renu declared to his mother, who was busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast for the family.

"She's your sister too, darling!" said Reshma in a conciliatory tone.

"But she's not behaving in a manner which suggests that", said Renu in evident anger. He entered the bathroom, banging the door after him.

"Oh, good! He won't be in circulation for another half an hour", said Geetha to herself. "Mom! I'll be back in fifteen minutes, she announced and without waiting for an answer took Renu's bike keys from the "key hanger" fixed to the wall. The next second, she was outside the house, starting the mobike.

Babu: Why are you painting the carrots green?

Karthik: Because my teacher said 'GREEN' vegetables are good for health!

– E. Aravindan, Std XI, PSG Sarvajana H.S.S., Coimbatore

Reshma, who by instinct knew her intentions shouted after her: "You don't have a driving license Geetha!"

"Oh! She'll be alright; don't worry", said Dad, taking his seat at the dining table. "She rides the vehicle better than the best! Moreover, I've restricted her bike rides to within this colony."

"You're spoiling her by being lenient", said Reshma. "Whether you agree or not, that's what I think!"

Meanwhile the Power Puff Girls were riding triples on Renu's mobike to arrive at Mr. Samuel's house!

"Uncle! We read all about it in the newspaper! Every line of the news; and we've come to investigate the scene of the crime", declared Rita rather pompously to Samuel, who looked bewildered!

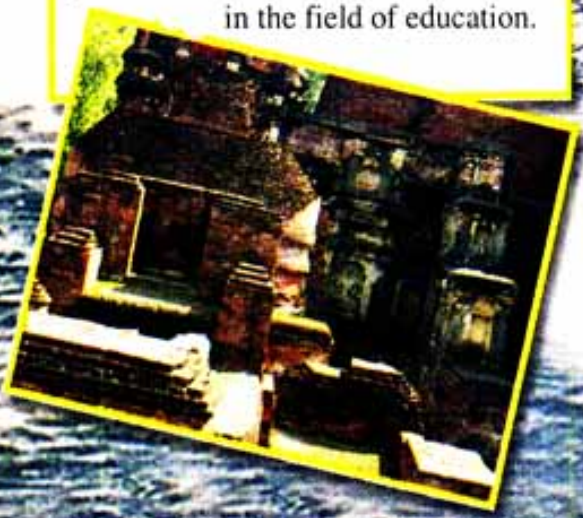
(To be continued)

AN HOARY PAST...

Ayurveda was the earliest school of medicine known to mankind. Sushruta is regarded as the father of surgery. He and his team conducted many complicated surgeries. The use of anaesthesia was well known in ancient Indian medicine.

The world's first university was established in Takshila in 700 BC. More than ten thousand students from around the world studied more than sixty subjects.

The Nalanda University was built in the fourth century. It was one of the greatest achievements of ancient India in the field of education.



The art of navigation was born in the River Indus over six thousand years ago. The very word *Navigation* is derived from the Sanskrit word from **Navgatih.** The word navy originates from *Nao.*

BE PROUD TO BE AN INDIAN

intel inside pentium 4

Sun microsystems

* Co-founder of Sun Microsystems — Vinod Khosla.
* Testing Director of Windows 2000 — Sanjay Tejwrika.
* The founder and creator of Hotmail, the world's best-known web-based email programme—Sabeer Bhatia.

Contributed by: **Naina Naik, Chattisgarh**

...A GLORIOUS FUTURE

38% of Doctors in America are Indians.
12% of Scientists in America are Indians.
36% of NASA employees are Indians.
34% of Microsoft employees are Indians.
28% of IBM employees are Indians.
17% of INTEL employees are Indians.
13% of XEROX employees are Indians.

M. Lakshmi Narayanan,
Std VIII, Sri Akilandeshwari Vidhyalaya, Trichy

Shrutika Ganesh,
Std IV,
SIA Primary School,
Thane

G. Nishanth, Std V,
Vel's Vidhyashram,
Pallavaram, Chennai

S. Vismitha, Std VI,
Stella Maris, Bangalore

B. Santosh,
Std X,
St. Marys High
School, Hubli

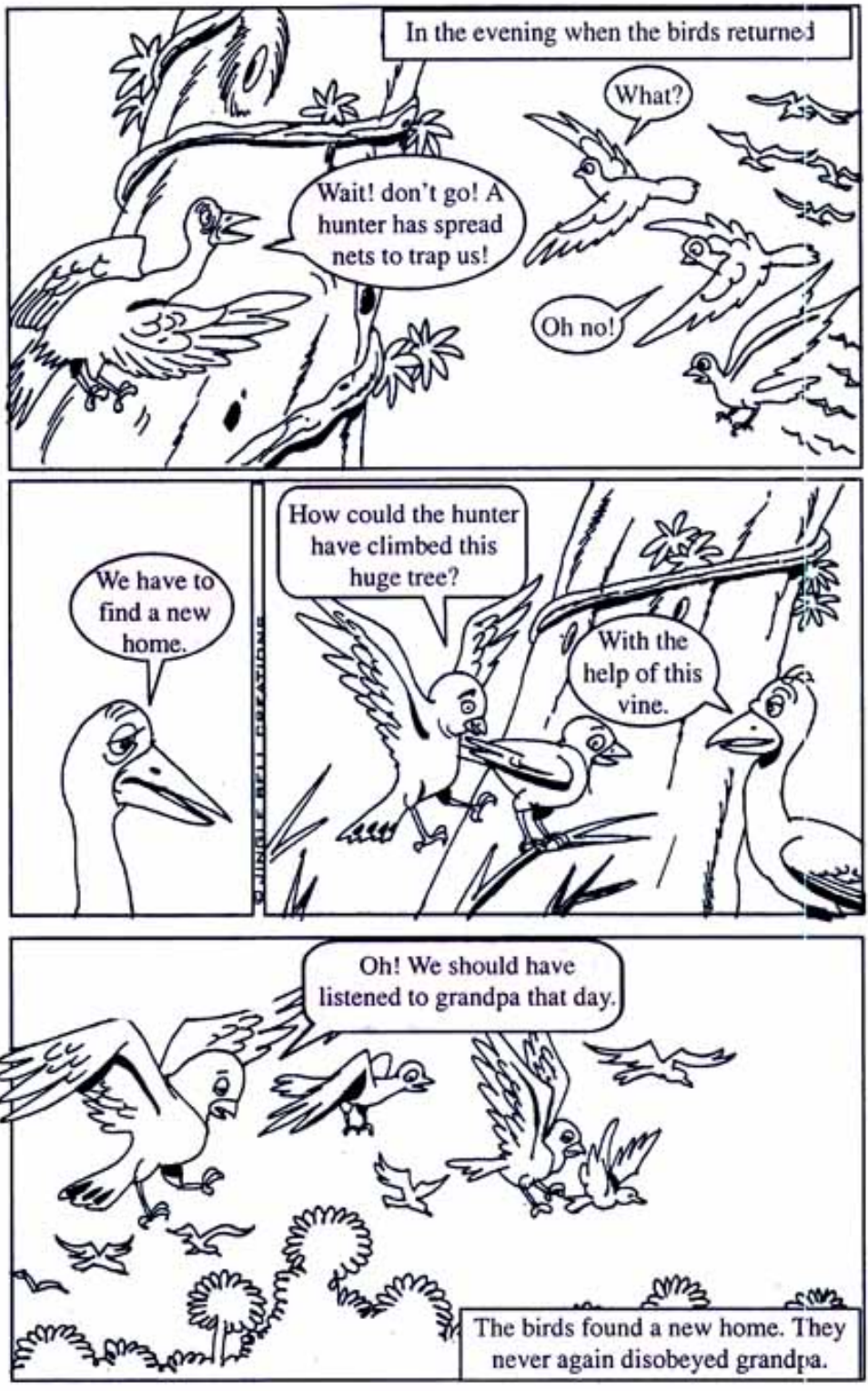
K. Aishwarya,
Std II,
Saradha Matric School,
Gingee

COLOUR Burst!

V. Santhosh Kumar,
76/3, Nanjundeswara Temple St,
Hosur

GRANDPA'S ADVICE

Years passed. The vine grew stout and strong and wound around the tree.
One day a hunter passed by -
Lots of birds live on this tree. I will lay a trap.
The hunter climbed the tree.
Without this vine I wouldn't be able to climb.
He spread his net.
Chamataka saw him.
Everyone will be trapped when they return this evening!


In the evening when the birds returned
What?
Wait! don't go! A hunter has spread nets to trap us!
Oh no!
We have to find a new home.
How could the hunter have climbed this huge tree?
With the help of this vine.
Oh! We should have listened to grandpa that day.
The birds found a new home. They never again disobeyed grandpa.

LIVING FOSSIL

Fossils, you know, are the remains of animals that lived long time ago. But if that fossil comes to life! Imagine the surprise, excitement, and shock of people! That is exactly what happen with the Coelacanth fish.

Scientists discovered fossils of a fish that had lived long before the dinosaurs. About 380 million years ago, the Coelacanth fish (pronounced SEE-la-canth) first appeared on earth. Its scientific name is Latimeria Chalumnae. Looking at the fossils, scientists decided that the Coelacanth was extinct for millions of years.

In 1932, Scientists were stunned to discover it alive, and thriving in the Indian Ocean. In Madagascar, off South Africa, scientists were astounded to hear fisherman talk about it! The fishermen found that the flesh was quite tasteless. Still, they had found a use for the fish. The rough skin was good for patching the inner tubes of their bicycles! Because of the peculiarity of being found both in fossils and alive, scientists call them as a 'living fossils.' Madagascar, Indonesia, and other Indian Ocean islands, are home to Coelacanth.

The name Coelacanth means, "hollow spine." All the vertebrae of this fish are hollow. The Coelacanth is not a tiny fish hiding in the vast ocean. It is about 1.5m long with a three-lobed tail. It has teeth only in front of the mouth. The Coelacanth can open the mouth wide as the jaw is hinged to the skull. The Coelacanth eats other fishes and crustaceans. It gives birth to live young fishes (viviparous).

If man doesn't pollute the ocean or disturb it excessively, the Coelacanth will easily survive well into the next millennium.

Pajaro-Cu, Cu, Cu
Pajaro-Cu, Cu, Cu
Poor little bird, Cu, Cu
Poor little Owl, cooing too

This is the song that children in Mexico can be heard singing.

Here is the story as to how this song came about. The story of Pajaro-Cu.

THE L ST

Long, long ago, when the world had just been created, all the birds in the forest had feathers except the Pajaro-Cu. He was considered an outsider; some did not think him a bird at all. The Eagle, the chief of the birds, called a meeting to decide the fate of Pajaro-Cu. Early the next day all the birds assembled.

The Eagle said, "What shall we do with this featherless bird, the Pajaro-Cu? I think we should send him away." None of the birds spoke. Then the gentle dove said, "I don't think any harm will befall us because of this bird. Perhaps we can each give him a feather. That would give him a beautiful coat and he'd be just like us."

All the birds thought it was a good idea except the peacock. The peacock said, "The Pajaro-Cu will become very proud because of the colourful feathers."

No one listened. They thought the peacock was jealous. The Owl offered to look after the Pajaro-Cu.

Each bird gave a feather to him.

The Peacock gave him a tiny grey feather from under his wing. The Robin pulled out a bright red feather from his chest. The blue feathers came from the Jay and the Bluebird. The orange one was contributed by the Oriole, and the yellow by the

Hummingbird. The tail was covered with black feathers from the Crow the Buzzard and the Blackbird. The white feathers came from the Mockingbird, the Gull and the Pelican. On his head sat a speckled feather from the Quail and a bright one from the Turkey. My!! The Pajaro-Cu looked beautiful with all these fine feathers.

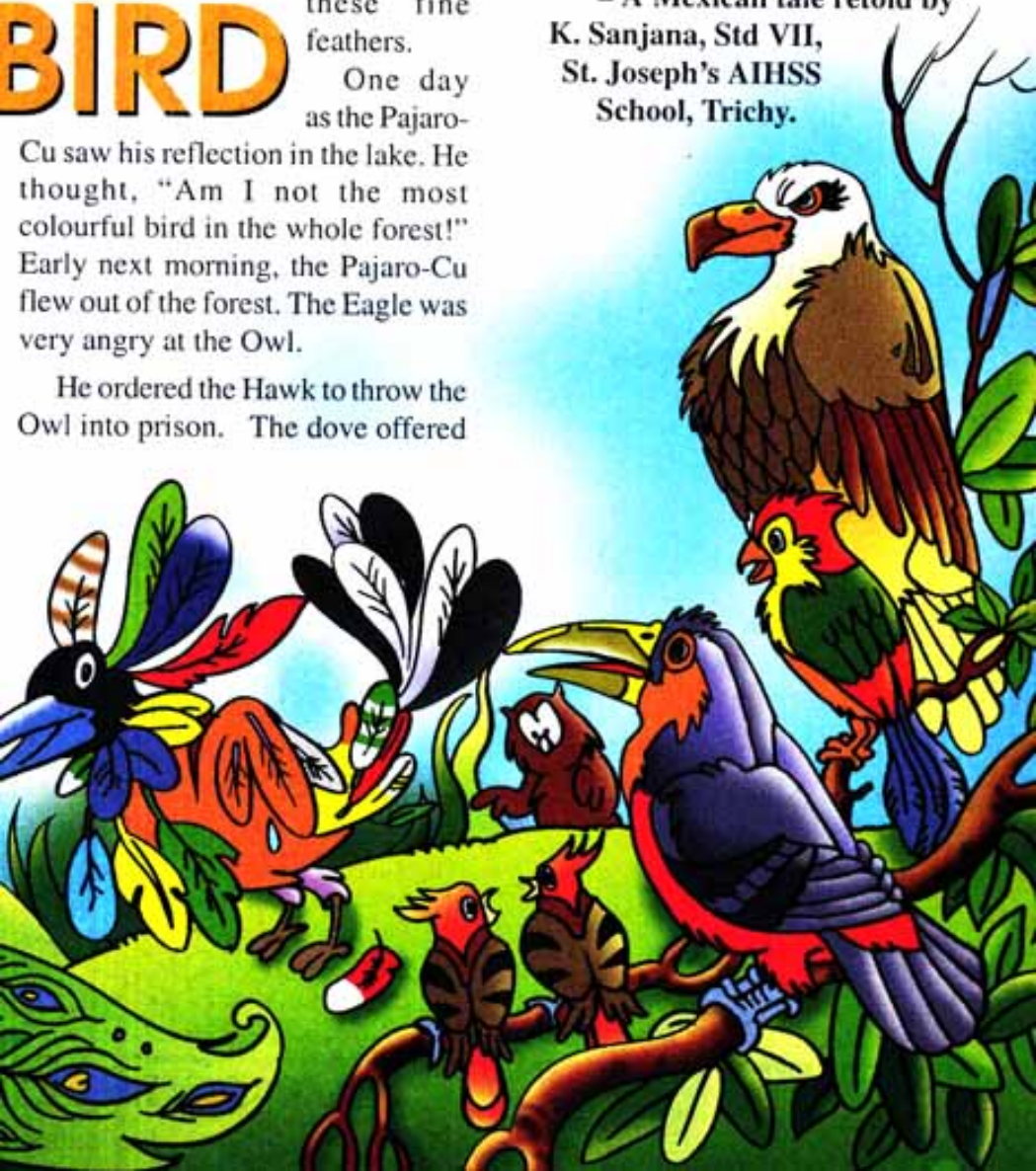
BIRD

One day as the Pajaro-Cu saw his reflection in the lake. He thought, "Am I not the most colourful bird in the whole forest!" Early next morning, the Pajaro-Cu flew out of the forest. The Eagle was very angry at the Owl.

He ordered the Hawk to throw the Owl into prison. The dove offered to help search for the lost bird.

Even today we can hear the dove calling, "Cu, Cu, Cu". At night the Owl searches, calling, "Whu, Whu, Whu."

– A Mexican tale retold by K. Sanjana, Std VII, St. Joseph's AIHSS School, Trichy.



GOKULAM

THE Magazine for Children

We love reading. Naturally we love Gokulam!

subscribe now

Name : .....

Address : .....

: .....

..... **Pin :** .....

Period : ☐ **1 year** Rs.96/- ☐ **2 years** Rs.192/- ☐ **3 years** Rs.288/-

Amount enclosed : Rs. ☐ **(DD / MO / Cheque* favouring 'Gokulam')** * Add Rs. 20/- for Outstation cheques

You can also register with your newspaper agent for a month after month door delivery.

The Circulation Manager
Gokulam
'Kalki Buildings',
47-NP, Jawaharlal Nehru Road,
Ekkaduthangal, CHENNAI - 600 032.
E-mail : subscription@kalkiweekly.com

Fibonacci and the golden number

What is common between Leonardo DaVinci and Leonardo Fibonacci? Other than their first name, both of them feature in the controversial book and film 'The DaVinci Code'.

Fibonacci was the greatest mathematician of his age. He mastered arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and trigonometry. He is most famous for investigating and discovering the sequence of numbers known as the Fibonacci Sequence.

The Fibonacci sequence of numbers: 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, ... This sequence is formulated by adding the previous two numbers to get the next number in the series to infinity.

* Leonardo Fibonacci

He discovered the Golden Number by taking the ratio of two successive numbers in the series (1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, ...) and dividing them by the number before it. The ratio will settle to a particular value 1.618034. This is known as the Golden Number and is denoted by the Greek letter PHI.

This series can be found in nature, all around us. In music. In art. In the garden.

- The keys of the piano
- The petals of flowers, e.g., the lily and the iris have 3, the buttercup has 5, and the corn marigold has 13.
- The patterns of the branches on trees, the leaves on the stem.

- The pines on the pinecone.
- The spiral patterns of shells
- The distribution of seeds in the sunflower

Leonardo Fibonacci was born in the 12th century in Pisa, Italy. His greatest achievement was replacing the complex Roman numerals with the easier and more accessible Hindu-Arabic numerals including zero.

He also laid a solid foundation for pure and theoretical mathematics. This was popularised by his book Liber Abbaci.

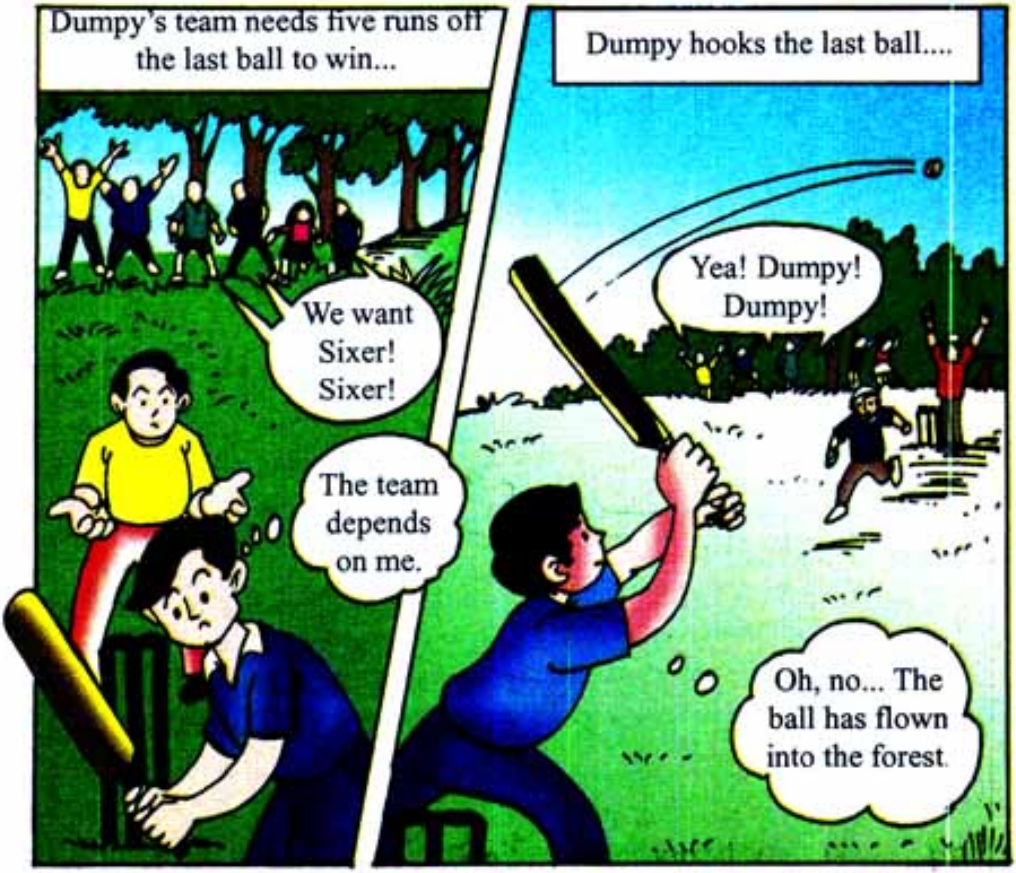
– V. Balasubramaniam,
Std VII, Sir Sivaswamy
Kalalaya HS. School, Chennai.

DUMPY 2

Dumpy Scores a Six!

Story : **Marudhan**

Pictures : **Pillai**

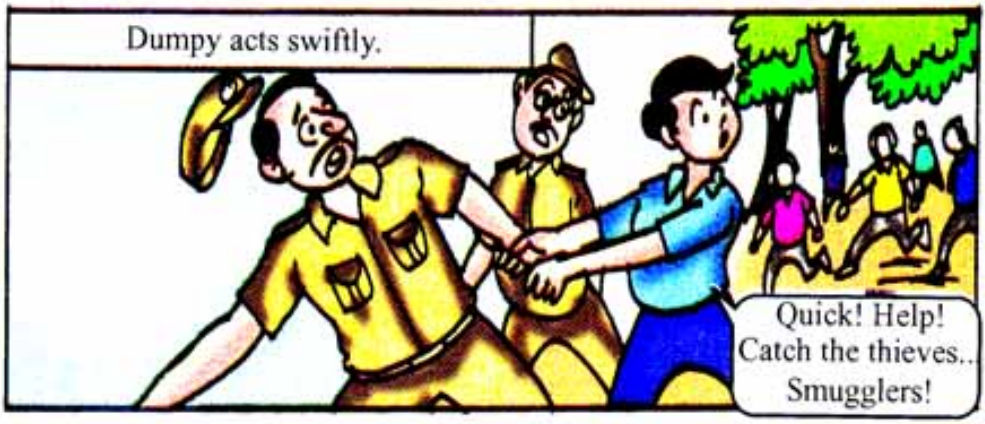


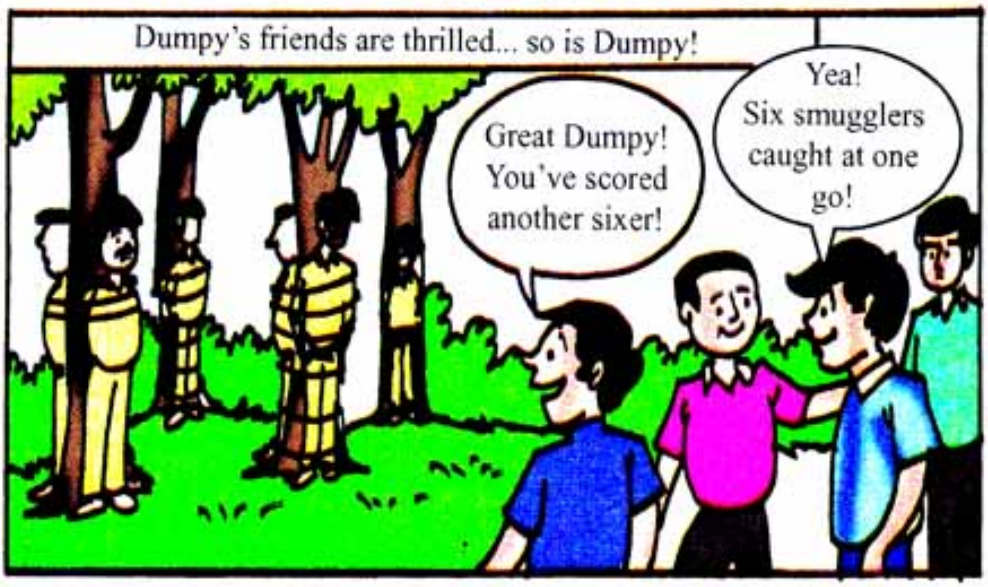
Dumpy searches for the ball...
Where on earth could it have gone...?
Dumpy finds the ball and something more...
Ah! here it is... but where is the smoke coming from...?
Dumpy follows the smoke trail and...
Let's execute the plan without errors. No goof-ups allowed... Do you hear that?...
Sure! We don't want the forest rangers after us!
O my God! Are they smugglers?
At what time will the truck arrive?
Around seven—the officers will be changing guard.

The cheats are in uniform!
Put out the fire or the smoke will give us away...
Come let's get to work.
I must save the trees.
Sir, Sir! Please help me...
Who are you? What do you want?
Dumpy approaches them...
Are you not forest officers..?
Hmmm... Ha...
Yes, of course we are..
Some wicked men are chopping down trees over there. You must come and stop them.
Lead us to the spot.

He may be cheating us...
No... he's too young. Let's go... We'll get more sandalwood

Dumpy leads them to the clearing.
What on earth...
Quick, Let's run...


Dumpy acts swiftly.
Quick! Help! Catch the thieves.. Smugglers!


Dumpy's friends are thrilled... so is Dumpy!
Great Dumpy! You've scored another sixer!
Yea! Six smugglers caught at one go!

GOKULAM

CALIBRE COMICS

For Wholesome Development...

JULY 15 - AUGUST 15 2006

Dacoit Billa

LEO - THE SKINNY LION

JOEY'S POUCH!

and much more!

Rs. 12/-
64 pages

FOR THE Sweet TOOTH

POTATO HALWA

Ingredients:

Potato - 5 medium pcs, Sugar - 50 gm, Milk - 50 ml, Cardamom - 5 gm, Ghee - 30 ml, Cashewnut - 5 pcs.

Method:

Boil the potatoes and grate them. Heat ghee in a pan and add the potato . Stir a while and add milk. Cook it till milk evaporates. Add sugar and cardamom powder. Garnish it with cashew nuts.

- S. Lakshmi,
Tirunelveli - 7

HOME MADE CHOCOLATE

Ingredients:

Milk powder - 1 cup, Coca powder - ½ tsp, Sugar - ¾ cup, Butter - 25gm, Fried Cashews and Badam - 10-15 (cut into small pieces), Water - 25ml

Method:

Mix coca powder and milk powder. Grease a plate and set aside. Wet sugar with a little water. Heat it slightly in a frying pan. Stir continuously for 3 to 4 mins. Remove from heat. Add the mixture of milk and coca powder and some butter into it and stir, till it becomes a paste. Pour the paste on to the plate applied with butter and add the cashews and badams. Leave it undisturbed.

Cut when cool. The chocolate is ready!

— T.Archana,Std IX,
Jawahar HS. School, Neyveli

CRAZY CRICKET

Krishnan is my name,
Cricket is my favourite game,
Who does not love this crazy game,
With its players having very great fame?

When Afridi strikes the ball like a rocket,
Indian bowlers try hard for a wicket.
When Freddie hits a four,
We wish Irfan to take one wicket more!

When India wins the game,
Cricket becomes interesting!
When finally the series is at the end,
Its fun to think, laugh and comment.

— H.Krishnan,
Std IX, Kendriya Vidyalaya,
Palakkad,
Kerala

OWL

There's an owl
Who stares at night,
He eats rats and insects
And does not like light.

He has brown – white feathers,
Which makes me happy
But sometimes I wonder
Why he looks so grumpy!

He has everything,
Then why is he sad?
No one likes the owl,
That is very bad!

There's the owl
Who flies at night
He is a nocturnal bird
And does not like light.

— Jatin Nair,
Std IV, Sardar Patel Vidyalaya,
New Delhi

PRECIOUS FRIENDS!

FRIENDSHIP

True friends are like diamonds,
precious and rare!
False friends are like autumn leaves,
scattered everywhere.
For, a true friend whom you hold dear,
Will keep you in good cheer.
Friendship is a heavenly choice,
Friendship makes the heart rejoice.
Make new friends but keep the old,
Those are silver but these are gold!

— Pavithra Sridhar, Std - VIII ,
Balavidya Mandir, Chennai

A SIMPLE THOUGHT

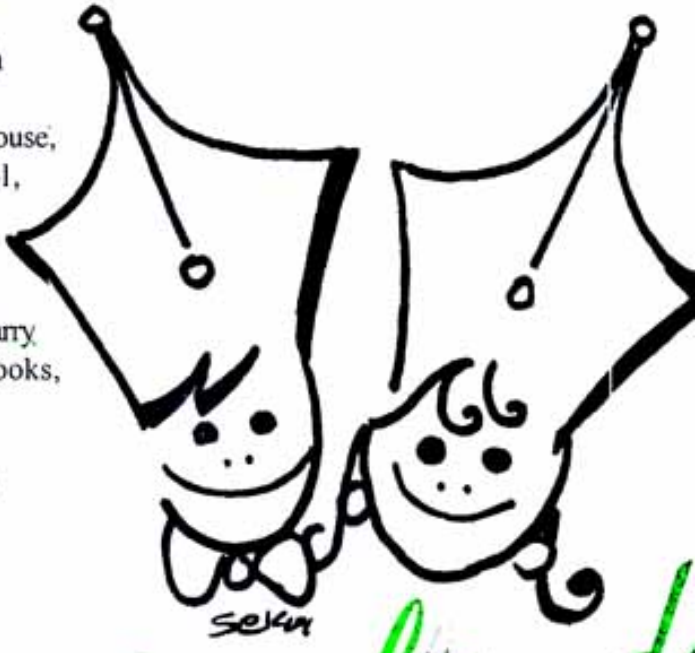
A thought is a very simple thing,
Measure it by the joy it can bring.
It occurs to kings, or even a hermit,
It does not require the possessor's permit.
It comes in different shape and size,
Funny, revengeful, witty and wise.
These thoughts get to you out of the blue,
When confusion is overpowering and you have no clue.
Thoughts can be cruel, creative and funny,
Your thought may be to turn your rival into a bunny!
Thoughts are something everyone gets,
Even your little faithful, furry pets.
If you are getting thoughts and creative bends...
Let me tell you, here my poem ends!

— Sneha .G, Std X, Carmel
Convent HS School, Bangalore

Name : **S.Raja Nandhini**
Age : 12
Address : Plot No.60, D.no, 12/9, Ashok Nagar, R.M.S. Colony, Karumandapam, Trichy - 1.
Hobbies: Singing, reading Gokulam, making scrap books, embroidery and crafts, playing video games.

Name : **N. Shweta**
Age : 13
Address : 230/1, North Perumal Maistry Street, Madurai - 625 001
Hobbies: Surfing the net, reading, making friends, collecting hp pics, collecting stamps and writing.

Name : **U.Hemanth**
Age : 14
Address : Maurya House, Sainik School, Korukonda, Vizianagaram Dist. Andhra Pradesh.
Hobbies: Reading Harry Potter series, story books, travelling.



More friends

Name : **R. Ganesh**
Age : 18
Address : 234, Vigyapan Lok, Mayur Vihar Phase - 1 Extn.Delhi-110091,
Hobbies: Reading books, collecting photographs, surfing the net, quizzes.

Name : **Soundarya .G**
Age : 8
Address : 2A3/4A, Vel Apartments, Seerangapalayam, Salem - 7
Hobbies: Watching TV, painting and drawing.

Name : **M.Kiran**
Age : 12
Address : 4, Doctors' Enclave, Kalpakkam - 603 102
Hobbies: Playing cricket, watching T.V., playing computer games, cycling.

Name : **P.Anupama**
Age : 13
Address : Plot No 15, Rd no 3/4, Sri Sai Nagar, Near Nagsole, Hyderabad - 500 068.
Hobbies: Reading books, coin and stamp collection, playing basketball, badminton and cricket.

Name : **Vandit**
Age : 12
Address : B-513, Shanti Bagh Apartments, Begumpet, Hyderabad - 500016
Hobbies: Watching TV., playing football, cricket & other out door games, playing computer games, reading Harry Potter books.

Name : **G.Haripriya**
Age : 14
Address : No.3, 'Sri Karpagam' 18/8, Devanathan Road, Mandaveli, Chennai - 28.
Hobbies: Reading books, listening to music, drawing and painting.

Name : **B.Deepika**
Age : 12
Address : 406, Vars Tradions, Pai Layout, Doorvani Nagar, Bangalore
Hobbies: Reading, gardening, music and games.

to write to...

Name : **Viswanathan .S**
Age : 14
Address : 24/51, Big Street, Thakkolam, Vellore Dist.
Hobbies: Reading, surfing the net, collecting stamps and playing chess and cricket.

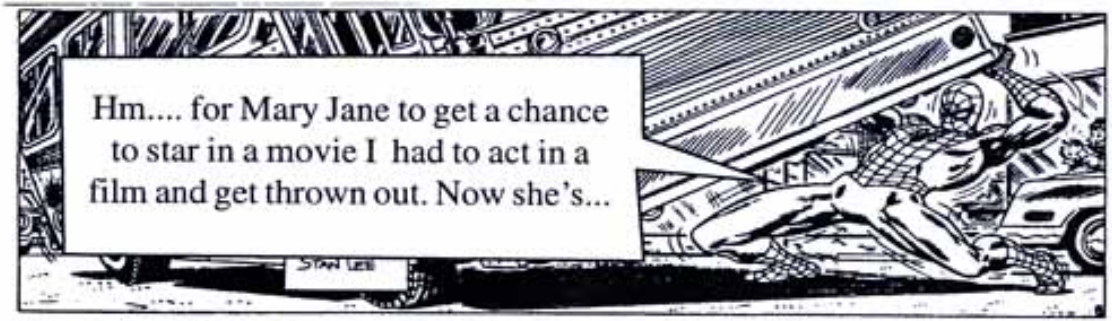
Name : **Preity Girishankar Iyer**
Age : 17
Address : Plot No. 30, Flat No.202, Shivshakti Apts, Subhash nagar, Naik Layout, Jaitala Road, Nagpur - 440022, Maharashtra
Hobbies: Listening to music, reading, working on the computer, chatting with friends

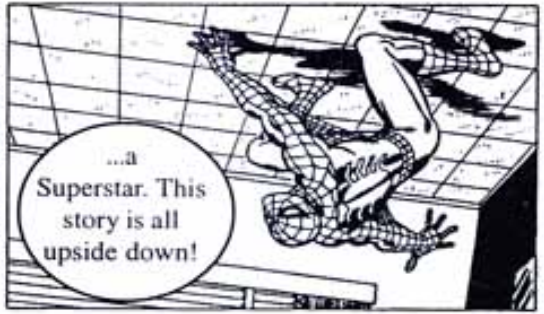
Name : **V.Santhosh Kumar**
Age : 16
Address : No.76/3, Nanjundeshwara Temple Street, Hosur-635 109
Hobbies: Painting, stamp and sticker collection, playing chess, reading.

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Spiderman's mission in life is to destroy evil. He has many enemies like Rhino, whom he catches and turns over to the police. Mary Jane, Spiderman's wife and co-star in a movie, had slipped and fallen into Rhino's car. She manages to give the slip and escape through an alley.

Acting for the fun of it is okay. But a full time movie career...?


Hm.... for Mary Jane to get a chance to star in a movie I had to act in a film and get thrown out. Now she's...
STAN LEE


...a Superstar. This story is all upside down!

YOU CAN'T JUST GO ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO STAR IN A MOVIE.
WHY NOT?
STAN LEE 7-17 SAYTUN/AMASH

WELL, FOR ONE THING, YOU'VE GOT A JOB...
PETER, ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO BE AN ACTRESS.

CAN MANAGING A COMPUTER STORE COMPETE WITH THAT?
LOOK, YOU KNOW I WISH YOU WERE COMING WITH ME...

BUT IT'LL ONLY BE FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
IT'LL SEEM LIKE FOREVER-- BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

THEN, BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME, DARLING, LET ME FOLLOW MY DREAM...
...JUST AS I'VE ALWAYS LET YOU FOLLOW YOURS-- OF BEING SPIDER-MAN!

OKAY, MR. PRODUCER--
YOU WIN!
I have won over Peter with may argument and now have his consent...

Peter agrees to move to Hollywood with Mary Jane. There is no dearth of villians in this world... Spiderman's mission continues. (CONCLUDED)

Gogo's Grid - 1

T	A	K	R	I	S	H	N	A	S	I
A	U	Y	R	E	V	U	A	C	A	D
D	G	N	T	G	B	J	L	R	T	A
A	V	J	G	A	N	G	A	T	L	N
M	I	H	O	A	N	U	M	G	U	A
R	N	N	M	N	B	U	U	V	J	H
A	D	I	A	S	E	H	M	F	G	A
N	U	E	T	W	S	I	A	A	H	M
J	S	S	I	Q	V	K	W	D	Y	G
A	R	T	U	P	A	M	H	A	R	B
I	G	O	D	A	V	A	R	I	F	A

Hi, I am Gogo! There are so many rivers criss-crossing our country. They are in this grid sent to me by Indivaram Tripathi of Imphal. I am having a tough time finding them. Help me! There are 12 major rivers, flowing in all directions, to be found. Have fun spotting them!

Have you found all 12 rivers? Turn the page, fill up the form, and post it to us... You may be a lucky winner.

ENTRY FORM

Name : (Mr/Ms) .....

Age : ..... Class .....

School : .....

*Residential Address : .....

.....Pin .....

Signature : .....

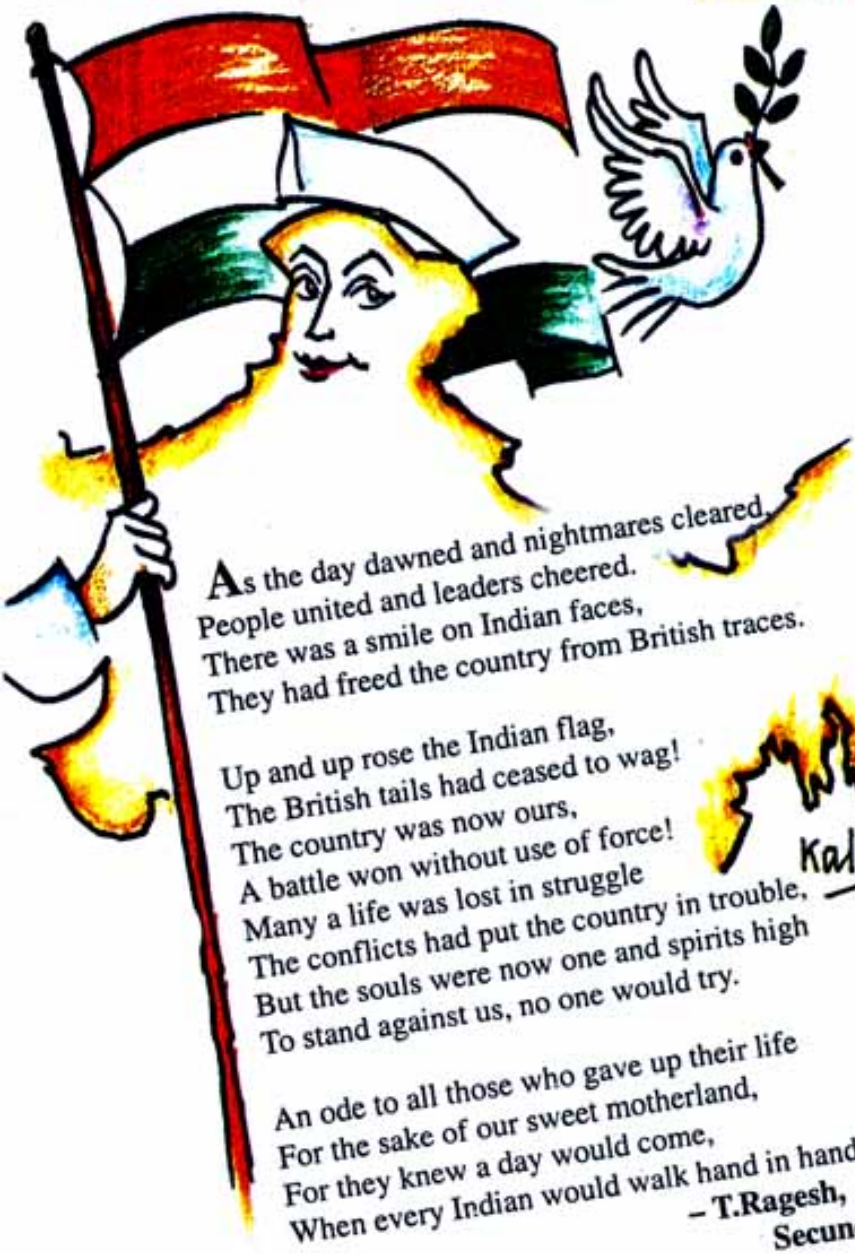
* Local address is a must for overseas entries.

The Editor, Gokulam, Kalki Buildings,
47-NP, Jawaharlal Nehru Road, Ekkaduthangal, Chennai - 600 032.

• Strictly for school going children • Five lucky winners will get a cash award of Rs.50/- each. They will be decided by a draw of lots from out of the all correct entries. • Entries with completed grid on the reverse accepted on this form only • No xerox copies.

Last Date : 12.8.2006

BATTLE OF PEACE!



As the day dawned and nightmares cleared,
People united and leaders cheered.
There was a smile on Indian faces,
They had freed the country from British traces.

Up and up rose the Indian flag,
The British tails had ceased to wag!
The country was now ours,
A battle won without use of force!
Many a life was lost in struggle
The conflicts had put the country in trouble,
But the souls were now one and spirits high
To stand against us, no one would try.

An ode to all those who gave up their life
For the sake of our sweet motherland,
For they knew a day would come,
When every Indian would walk hand in hand.

– T.Ragesh, Age 17,
Secunderabad

Travel

This summer a group of us from Chennai went on a trip to the north. Our base was Delhi. We first toured Agra. Here we visited the Tajmahal and Agra Fort. We then went on to Mathura. Here we went to the famous Krishna temple. On our return journey I heard stones pelting our bus. I looked out of the window cautiously. I saw the road littered with ice cubes! We were caught in a hail storm which lasted a full fifteen minutes.

The next night we left Delhi for Kedarnath and Badrinath. Rishikesh was our first stop, early next morning. After some rest and warmed with a cup of hot tea, we went for a dip in the Ganga. The water was really cold and all of us were shivering. But I enjoyed it. I clicked many photographs. We left for Devaprayag and reached towards the evening. Here the River Bagirathi from Gangothri joins the Alakananda coming from Badrinath. The river is wide and beautiful and the current, strong. We halted further up at Keertinagar for the night. We left of for Rudraprayag next morning. Here the river Mandakini from Kedarnath meets the Alakananda. There were no steps going down to the river. It was turbulent and the current was strong. Yet we managed to take a bath. It was an exhilarating experience. We had our breakfast on the banks of the river. We reached Rampur at lunch time and rested at the hotel for sometime.

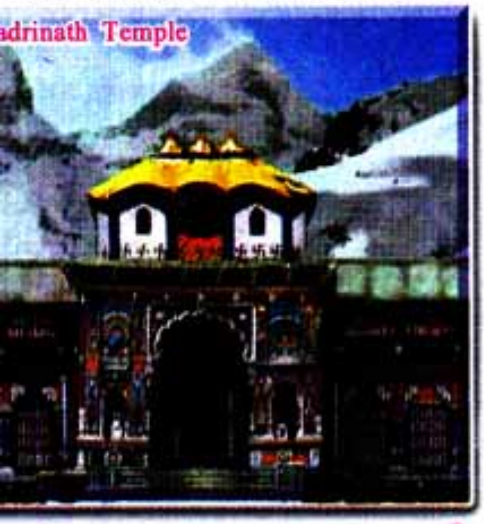
The bus dropped us off at Gowrikund. From here we had to travel on horse-back to Kedarnath. The journey was up a steep hill. I was scared in the beginning. But later I got used to the ride. We were at an height of 12,000 feet above sea level. On the way I saw many young children and old men walking up. At Rambada we stopped for lunch. It started to drizzle. We wore our raincoats and carried on. The horses were very sure-footed. The view of the snow capped Himalayas was absolutely beautiful. It was beginning to turn chill. By the time we reached Kedarnath it was raining heavily. We were all shivering. We had to wear three sweaters to get warm!

Agra Fort

We visited the temple the next morning. It was small and very crowded. Outside there was snow all around us. We returned on horse-back. It was a bone-

rattling experience!

Early next morning we left for Badrinath. The road was full of curves and looked dangerous. I felt dizzy. We reached our destination in the evening and went straight to the


Badrinath Temple

temple. It was very beautiful and we had a good darshan. We then went on to Vyasan Guha and Bhim Bridge. It was a steep and difficult climb. But the effort was worth it. We saw the originating point of the river Saraswathi. It was a truly breathtaking scene. We went down to Pipalkot and rested for the night.

We came down to Haridwar for lunch. Our last stop was at a place called Harkipauri where we bathed in the Ganga one last time. The river was swift. In the evening we saw the Ganga aarthi. It is very beautiful. My mother and I also did the aarthi by placing a bowl of flowers with a lamp in the middle, and letting it float down the river. We left for Delhi late that night and reached early next morning. It was a truly wonderful trip!

– K. Anirudh Varadan,
Std VII, Vidya Mandir,
Mylapore, Chennai

HAIL STORM, THEN SNOW

Kedarnath Temple

Feathered

Ornithology is the scientific study of every aspect of birds. Ornithologists look at how birds live, their environment, their food, changes in populations, how birds evolved and what their ancestors looked like. They also study how birds are changing in today's environment and how they might be affected by ecological changes.

Birds are generally divided into two major groups. Ostriches, emus, and kiwis are ratites–flightless birds. The vast majority of the birds, however, are non-ratites. Their ability to fly has allowed them to colonize every landmass on earth. In the Arctic and Antarctic some, like the penguins, have adapted an aquatic lifestyle coming to shore only to breed and raise young.

Ornithology is one of the few sciences where amateurs regularly make significant contributions.

* Woodpecker

Their most important contributions are in the areas of distribution (finding out where birds occur naturally)–by contributing sight records, and in understanding the changes in bird populations–through annual bird counts around the world.

In India the Bombay Natural History Society is today the largest non-governmental organisation committed to the conservation of India's natural wealth. The Society's guiding principle has always been that conservation must be based on scientific research–a tradition followed by its late president, Dr. Salim Ali. Known as the "Birdman of India."

* Hawk

A large number of people all over the world enjoy serious bird watching or 'birding.'

Birds are colourful, lively, interesting to listen to and relatively easy to attract to our gardens. Bird watching does not require a lot of equipment, just a good pair of binoculars and a field guide that helps identify the bird.

We can attract birds to our yard with very little work. Planting the right flowers will attract them. Sunflower seeds bring lots of new birds to the

house. We could keep a diary and list the birds seen in our yard. We can also maintain another list of birds seen in our town. Birders often keep track of

• Kingfisher

birds seen over a period of one year.

To the beginner many birds look alike. A good bird guide has clear, easy-to-recognize, color illustrations. The guide includes information about habitats, maps showing range of different birds, if, where and when they migrate and what their song or call sounds like. They provide information on how to tell them apart.

Bird anatomy and colours also provides clues as to where birds live, what they eat and what general group they belong to.

Bird field guides show illustrations and descriptions of the birds. This usually starts out with water birds, progresses through birds of prey, and ends up with perching birds.

The various National Parks and Bird Sanctuaries have checklists of the birds found within their range. Lastly, we can use the calls and songs of the birds to help us in identification.

We will often hear a bird before we se it! The best way to get into bird watching is to observe the size, shape and call of birds in our immediate vicinity. The next step would be to go and look for them in their habitat. Parks, fields and pond or river banks are good spots for a beginner to visit. There are, ofcourse sanctuaries and reserve forest too.

It is also necessary to follow some 'bird ethics': Be quiet. Don't disturb the birds. Wear dull clothes that blend with the foliage. Do not handle eggs or disturb nests. Follow all rules of national parks and sanctuaries.

Happy bird watching!

• Flamingo

Folk Tale/Seetha Srikanth

Coyote, Raven, Rabbit Fox–the Divine Trickster born of ancient myth and found in many cultures across the face of the world, takes one or many of these forms. His form changes depending on language and culture.

The Yoruba peoples of West Africa, know him as Eshu, the divine messenger, who is both loved and feared for his mischief, generosity and hard lessons.

When men from Africa were taken as slaves to the Americas, they took their ancient religion with them. Eshu travelled in their hearts. He is known by different names. The Spanish call him Orisha and in Portuguese he is known as Orixa.

The name Santeria or "The Way of the Saints", was a colonial term introduced by the Spanish, description commonly used today. Eshu himself went through a variety of changes as he travelled from culture to culture, being called Eleggua in Cuba and Exu in Brazil. No matter what his name, he is a powerful deity whose dual nature flickers with the nuances of day and night, light and dark, cruelty and kindness, creation and destruction the Divine Trickster.

The Trickster Eshu can be a teacher most kind and cruel. One old story tells of him undertaking a mischievous journey wearing

a tall hat, red on one side, white on the other. Making not a sound, he walked between two friends, one seeing the white side of his hat, the other seeing the red. Later in the day the two friends spoke to one another about the mysterious man in the hat. Surprisingly, they began to bicker about the colour of the hat. 'White!'

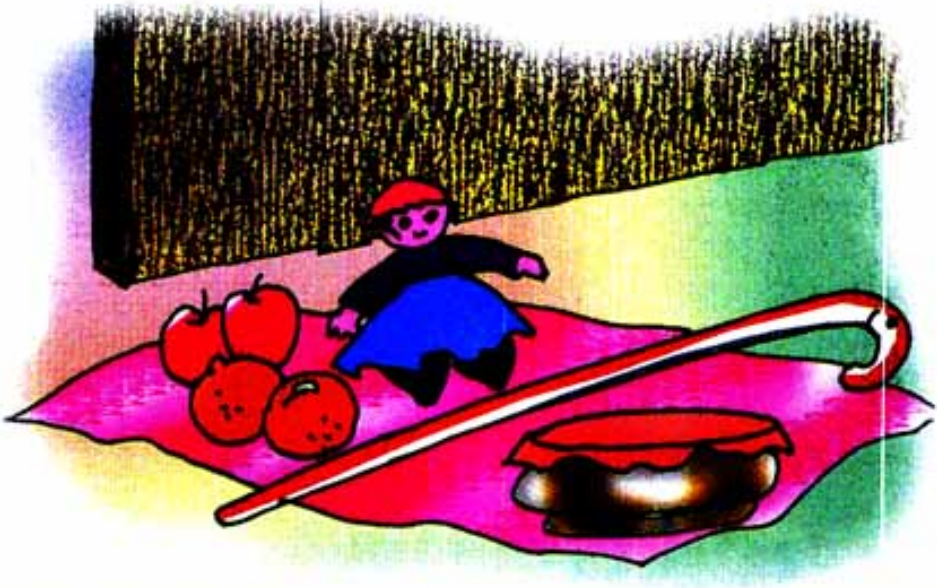
can be found at the crossroads and can see in all directions, watching carefully those who do wrong. His punishment is swift but he can be kind as well, sitting on judgement and viewing all sides of a situation.

THE DIVINE TRICKSTER!

'Red!' The bickering turned to blows, as each man professed to know the right answer and demanded to be acknowledged as the victor in the violent discussion. The Trickster Eshu chuckled at the sight and walked over to the men, now bloodied and angry, and showed them his hat–red on one side and white on the other. He was delighted by the fact they would fight about something as ridiculous as the colour of another man's hat, ruining their long-standing friendship in the process.

Taking pleasure in testing the strengths and weaknesses of mankind, he provides the lesson of making the right choices in life. He

Eshu is seen as sitting at the threshold, guarding the many doors and roads which make up the human journey through life. We move through the doors of childhood to adulthood, single life to partnerships, mundane to magic, despair to happiness, birth to death, all the while hoping we are taking the right door or right path which greets us along the way. In Yoruba spirituality, Eshu owns the roads and can provide opportunities and direction. When asked kindly Eshu can point the way but people must still decide for themselves which way to travel. Although Eshu can



direct someone along a path, it may be a sunlit journey of opportunity or a dark, thorny trail if it is decided a lesson is to be learned.

As the messenger between Heaven and Earth Eshu communicates the prayers of mankind, not only to the ears of the other Orisa but to the Creator god. Spiritual tradition requires Eshu to be honoured first in any ceremony, if messages are to be heard and blessings received. Gifts of toys, candies, rum and gin are much appreciated by Eshu. In many homes, a figure representing the god is created and placed behind the front door. A child's toy representing youth and a walking stick symbolising old age are normally placed with him. The walking stick is painted in the two colours of the Trickster, either red and black or black and white, accented with eyes to remind people of his all-seeing nature. His presence as the gatekeeper ensures a balanced and safe home.

The Trickster archetype found in the deity Eshu reminds us of the care and respect we must have for all life. Life isn't just black and white, but contains shades of gray and all the colours of the rainbow. Though careful consideration and respect must be maintained, we cannot forget to make room for a small amount of chaos, the creative wellspring from which beauty and delight flow, where passions arise and the spices of life are experienced. The magic of Eshu wakes us up and teaches us to live life to its fullest potential. Although we must remember to be wary of the Trickster with his many names and guises, it suits us well to welcome him as a most powerful ally.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

D. Vaishnavi — 11th birthday on 04 Aug.

Sending your way, all the wonderful gifts and wishes that life has to offer you today and always. Happy birthday.

– N.R.Subathra, Age - 11
East Tambaram, Chennai

Meera Ganesh— 14th birthday on 22 Aug.

Friends are like leaves present everywhere.

Best friends like you are diamonds, which are very rare.

Many happy returns of the day.

– Aarti Sethuraman, Age 14,
Chennai-83

Gunjan Rawat—10th birthday on 01 Aug.

You are more than just my sister, You are the person I can turn to when I need someone. Thank you dear sister. Many happy returns of the day.

– Muskaan Rawat, Age 12,
Pathankot

S. Sowndarya— 7th birthday on 16 Aug.

Wish you a happy and prosperous future.

– S. Aparna, Std IV,
Arila Convent Matric HS.School,
Coimbatore

D. Nishanth — 13th birthday on 25 Aug.

D. Sanghana — 15th birthday on 01 Aug.

Happy birthday to you. Many happy returns of the day.

– D. Sujitha, Age 12,
Kalpakkam

P.O. A Part of Our Lives!

"Ding Dong! Ding Dong!"

'This cannot be opportunity; it rings only once' thought Raja as he put down the book he was reading and walked towards the front door. He looked through the spy glass and satisfied himself that the caller was none other than the postman.

"Please see if this letter is for you, Raja" said the postman as soon as the door was opened. He was familiar not only with Raja but almost all the families in his beat.

"Yes, it's for me; but you could have dropped it in the mail box on the ground floor", said Raja.

"I know", said postman Paul, "Next time ask your friend to write your address legibly. Door number 17 looks like 11 and the pincode is not given. In fact your name itself appears to be spelt as Roja! I had to assure myself that the letter was for you and that decision made me climb five floors!" said Paul, panting a little.

"Why? Don't you know that there is a lift..." Suddenly Raja remembered... "Oh! The silly power cut!...Sorry", he continued, "won't you come in and have a cup of tea?"

"A glass of water will do" said Paul. "Duty beckons, you know. I have to quicken my steps in accordance with time available."

"Just a sec", assured Raja as he hurried to get a glass of safe drinking water. "Boiled and cooled" he declared as Paul quenched his thirst.

"See you Raja", said Paul as he walked the corridor and rushed down the steps.

"Nice chap" thought Raja; 'Perhaps I should have told him that the handwriting was mine!"

Raja intending to apply for a Higher Secondary Scholarship had asked for an application form to be sent to him and for this purpose he had sent a self-addressed stamped envelope to the foundation which had announced the scholarships. He looked at the envelope in his hand once again. 'Paul is right' he thought; 'I've made a mess of writing my own address. He started studying the application form. He would have to get ready a few certificates and apply to the foundation within a week.

A couple of days later, Raja was at the post office with his application form and other documents tucked into a neatly addressed envelope. He wanted to send it by registered post. Paul who had completed his rounds

for the day welcomed him with a smile and put him on to the clerk who attended to registration of letters. "Your letter looks bulky and has to be weighed so that you can affix the right amount of stamps. Otherwise 'due' will be collected from the addressee and he'll have to pay a fine in addition. Same may not like to pay and are likely to refuse the letter!" explained Paul.

Meanwhile the clerk had collected the registration charges from Raja and issued a receipt.

"Looks like something very important", said Paul, questioningly.

"Yes; I'm applying for a scholarship and I want to be sure that it reaches them."

"Oh! Any letter will reach the address alright; even by ordinary post. But registration gives you proof that you have sent your application and that too in time. If there is some dispute later, this receipt will come in handy. Even the courts will accept this as proof."

"I see", said Raja, as he looked around. "Looks like a very busy place."

"A post office is much more than

Man: Why are you crying?
Boy: My buffalo is lost
Man: Don't cry, you will find it.
Boy: No sir, it has gone home.
Man: Then why are you crying?
Boy: Because I don't know the way to go home

- Sirisha, Bangalore

---

just envelopes, stamps, postcards and inland letters", said Paul. "Money orders are accepted and paid. One can also open a post-office savings account and enjoy the basic services of a bank. There is a telephone booth and telegrams too can be sent. Then there is the speed-post which rushes your letter to its destination. Every letter posted has to receive a seal of cancellation of the postage stamps and every letter delivered receives another seal with date of delivery. Thus a record is created for our customers' benefit. We even provide gum for sealing envelopes and pasting stamps on them!"

"What about Philately?" enquired Raja.

"That is handled by a separate post office in big cities, and it holds stocks of special issues. But all post offices receive their quota of commemorative stamps for distribution."

"What happens to letters when the addressee has vacated?" asked a curious Raja.

"They can leave a forwarding address with the post office. If they have neglected to do this, the letter is returned to the sender. If there is no 'from address', the letter goes to the Dead Letter Office, where the officers have the authority to open such letters and deal with them in an appropriate manner.'

"Rain or shine, you are on your regular beat. Be frank Paul, do you like your job?"

"Of course", said Paul. "The salary is not fabulous but adequate and there are other compensations..."

"Like what?"

"Like for instance when I enter a slum to deliver a letter to an old woman and she says, 'Paul, will you please read to me what my son has written? My eyes are not too good these days you know!'– I know that she's actually illiterate; but I don't show it. It's a delight to watch her face glow with pride when I read some good news from her son!"

"Hope you make my face light up, by bringing me news of acceptance of my application for scholarship."

"Sure", said Paul with enthusiasm; "don't forget the sweet!"

Raja returned home with confidence and a light heart. 'Nothing like receiving a well thought out, hand written, nice letter, even in these days of e-mails', he said to himself. 'The post office can never become obsolete!'

✉ I am a regular reader of Gokulam. It helps me improve my language. I love grandmaworm, Potter news and jokes. Thanks for the Ronaldo poster in July issue.

– V.S.Madhura,
Std - XII, Chennai

✉ That football is a game that unites the world, is an apt statement. Football is played in all the continents with extraordinary vigour and enthusiasm. The editorial this month also threw light on this fact and it was really appealing. The way football and real life were linked was not only true but also intriguing.

– Sayali Bonde,
Aurangabad

✉ The July issue of your magazine was simply awesome. The article "Noble's Noble Gesture" was very informative. I would like to point out that Alfred Noble belonged to Sweden and not Switzerland as mentioned in the article.

– R. Ganesh,
Age 18,
New Delhi

✉ I came to know about Gokulam when I visited my cousins' place. I was very impressed with it and subscribed to it immediately. I request for more Harry Potter and monthly contests.

– R. Harshitha,
Age 14, Bangalore

✉ I have been a fan of 'Gokulam' for two years now. Every month I eagerly await the next issue. I like grandmaworm, viewpoint and poems. I have learnt many things from 'Gokulam'. It is my favourite magazine.

– Deepinder Kaur Sahota, Age 14,
Patiala

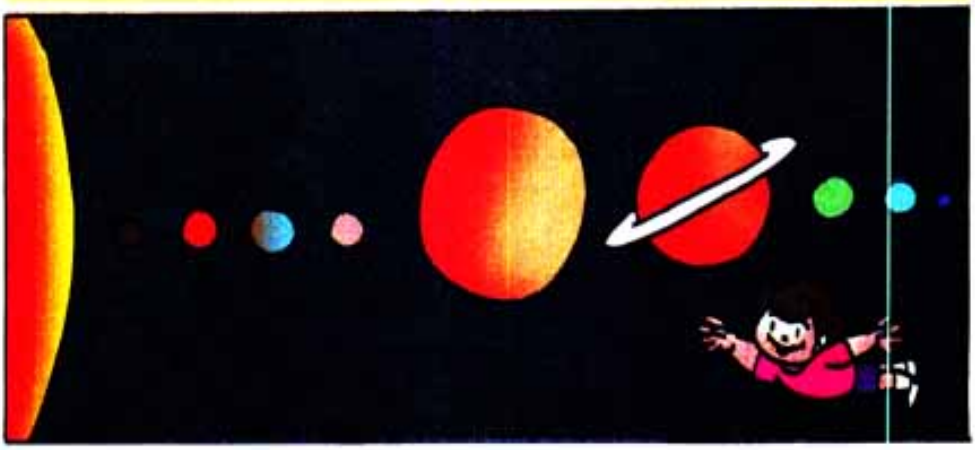
The joke published in page–17 of July issue was contributed by Miss Swathi Hari Narayanan and not as published. The error is regretted.

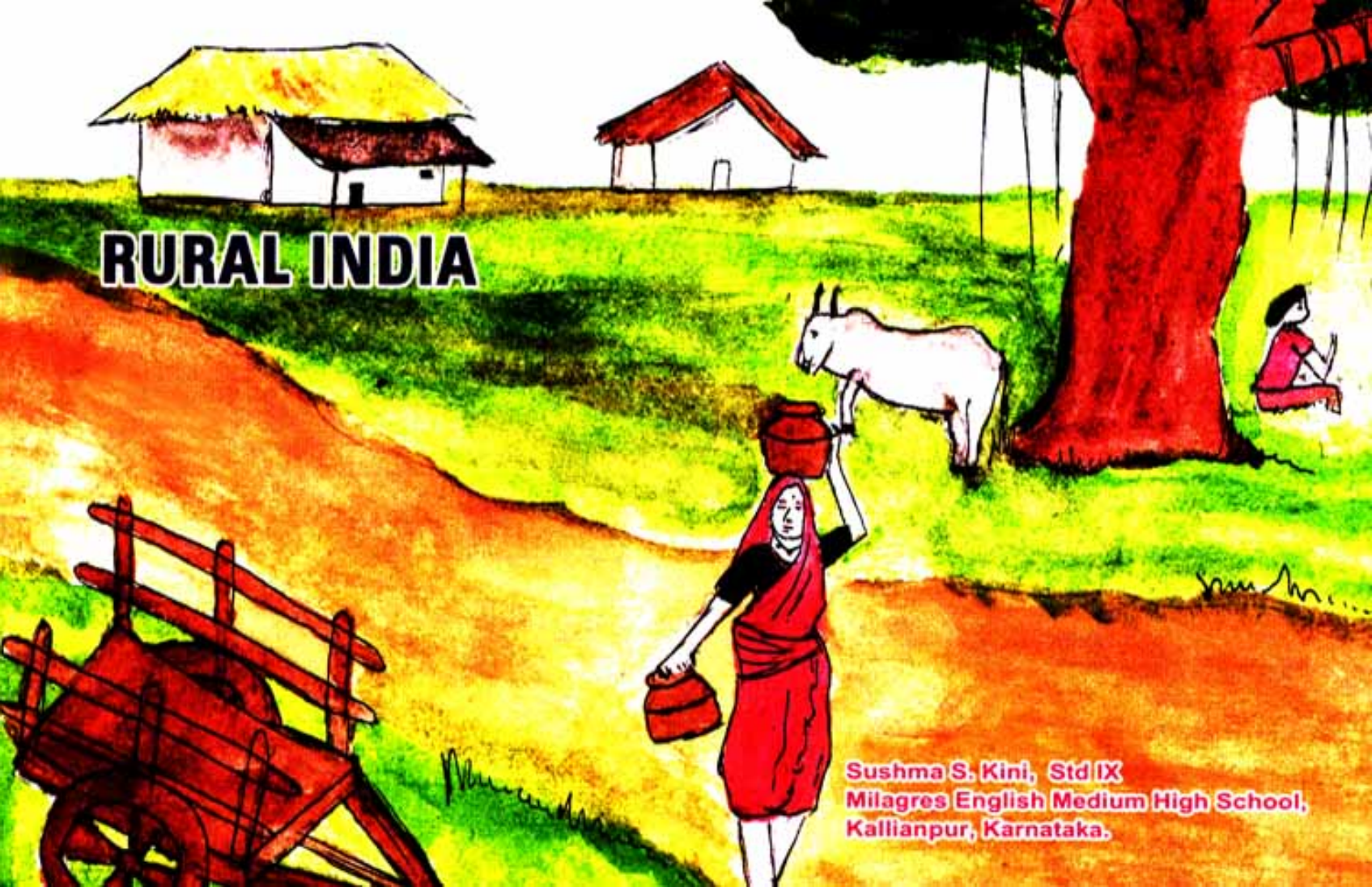
- Ed

AWESOME MAG...

Tinku

Story, Pictures: Pillai





Sushma S. Kini, Std IX
Milagres English Medium High School,
Kallianpur, Karnataka.

Registered with the Registrar of Newspaper of India under No. 49668/88 * Registered No. TN / CC (S) DN / 107 / 06 - 08 * Licensed to post without prepayment under PMG's Licence No. WPP TN / CC (S) DN / 44 / 06 - 08 * Registered as a Newspaper in Srilanka

RAMANA'S

NEW

RAMANA'S®

சத்து மாவு

ENERGY FLOUR

Winning
is my habit..!

And you..?

Ramana's Energy flour, perfect blend of fifteen essential grains is the right choice of health supplement to your kids. It nourishes your kids and keep them always ahead in studies and sports. Go-ahead... make winning an habit for your kid.

For queries - ramanasfoodproducts@yahoo.com, Ph: 94433 25618